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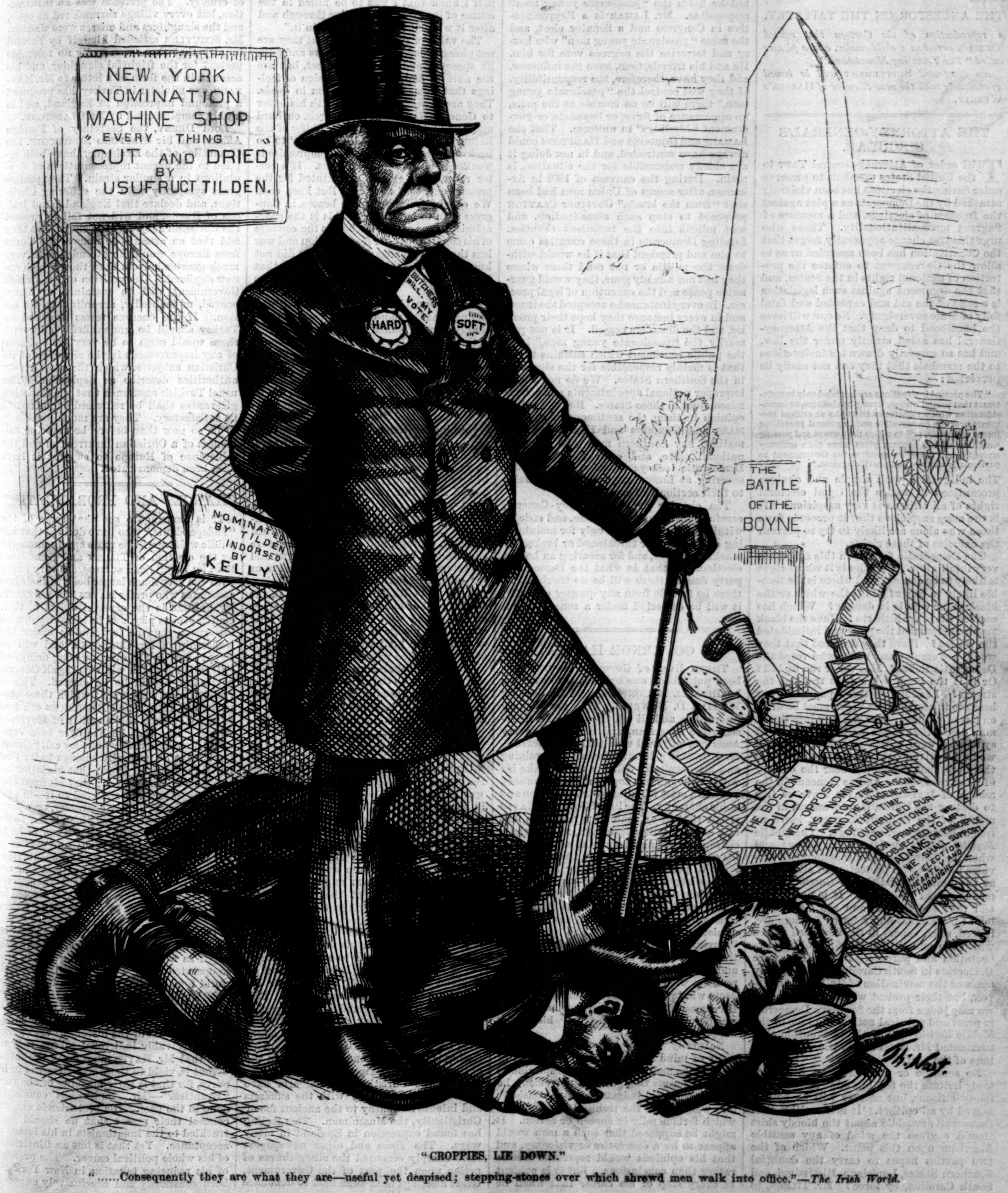
NEW YORK NOMINATION MACHINE SHOP
"EVERY THING CUT AND DRIED BY USUFRUCT TILDEN.
BUTCHERS BILL. MY VOTE.
HARD
SOFT
NOMINATED BY TILDEN INDORSED BY KELLY
THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE
THE BOSTON PILOT. "WE OPPOSED HIS NOMINATION AND TOLD THE REASONS AND THE EXIGENCIES OF THE TIME OVERRULED OUR-OBJECTIONS. ON PRINCIPLE WE OBJECTED TO MR. ADAMS ON PRINCIPLE WE SHALL SUPPORT HIS ELECTION HEARTILY AND THOROUGHLY
Th: Nast.

"CROPPIES, LIE DOWN."

"......Consequently they are what they are—useful yet despised; stepping-stones over which shrewd men walk into office."—*The Irish World.*

The Sale of HARPER'S WEEKLY last Week was over 150,000 Copies.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, October 7, 1876.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains a fine double-page engraving, entitled*

THE ANCESTOR ON THE TAPESTRY,

a reproduction of the Cartoon that caused Tweed's *arrest as a child-stealer, and a picture called "The Traveling Mountebank."*

An illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S CIRCULAR.

The order of Attorney-General Taft to the United States marshals to preserve order during the elections has been violently attacked by the Democrats as a plot against the freedom of elections, and a measure of flagrant unconstitutionality. Those who urge this last charge apparently forget that the Constitution has been amended so as to allow the Government to enforce the protection of national rights in the States, and that the argument against such legislation is a relic of the old and exploded and fatal folly of State sovereignty. No one will have the hardihood to deny that the Attorney-General has acted strictly under the law, and has so carefully drawn his instructions to the marshals that they can not easily be perverted:

> "The present instructions are intended only to counteract that partial malice, wrong-headedness, or inconsideration which sometimes triumphs at critical moments over the conservative and in general prevailing forces of society, and to which the present and passing condition of the country gives more than ordinary strength, and therefore requires the Government to particularly observe and provide against."

The indignation with simple and obvious precautions to secure the equal electoral rights of all citizens is very suspicious. It is the more suspicious that it proceeds from those who alone are likely to try to prevent the exercise of those rights.

The Democratic fury upon this subject is very intelligible. For who is it whose right is likely to be denied? and where is the trouble likely to occur? Is it the white or the black voter who is in danger? Which has coerced the other hitherto? Have the black voters surrounded the polls and intimidated the whites? Have they declared that they would not employ any white who voted the Democratic ticket? Has water run up hill? Or is it the lamb below that troubles the stream? Leading Southern papers do not hesitate to say that the negro must be driven out of politics. Nor can any intelligent man doubt that if the national power and sympathy were withdrawn, he practically would be driven out. It is to be expected, therefore, that we should hear the old cry of "Let us alone." And as it meant in the mouth of Jefferson Davis, leave us free to destroy the Union, it now means, in the mouth of the Democratic party, leave us free to destroy negro suffrage. The Mobile *Register* plainly declares this policy; and when the United States dispassionately provides for the equal protection of all citizens at the polls, the Baltimore *Gazette* recommends armed resistance. It is needless to add that the *Register* and the *Gazette* are loud for "Tilden and reform." There are, indeed, some papers in the Southern States which see and expose the folly of this expectation and purpose. But so there were Democrats in South Carolina who earnestly opposed the nomination of Mr. Wade Hampton, but their protest was of no avail. If we may judge from the Southern Democratic press and political action, the tone of the Mobile *Register* and of the Convention that nominated Mr. Hampton is the controlling tone of the party.

No sensible or patriotic man will wantonly irritate the feelings of any class of his fellow-citizens, but neither will he be dismayed by an epithet. It is incredible that Democratic twaddle about the bloody shirt should confuse the mind of any sensible American upon this point. Which of the two parties hopes to carry the doubtful Southern States, Louisiana, Mississippi, and South Carolina, by force? Mr. Tilden, to be elected, must certainly have a virtually solid South, for the voice of the great mass of the old Free or Northern States is against him. But will there probably be more intimidation, or force, or "bayonet" at the elections in the Northern or the Southern States? and will it proceed from Republicans and negroes, or from Democrats and whites? The subject should be left, according to Democratic advice, to "local self-government." But the country saw in 1832 and in 1861 what local self-government could do and would do in this Union upon occasion, and it has taken care that that particular kind of self-government shall do no more national mischief. Madame Roland exclaimed against crimes committed in the name of liberty. But the crimes against liberty, justice, nationality, and humanity committed in the name of local self-government are more appalling.

Mr. Lamar does not deny the "atrocities" upon the negroes that precede elections, but he holds the "passionate young men" responsible. Mr. Lamar is a Representative in Congress and a Senator elect, and the same "passionate young men" who harry and terrorize the negroes vote for him. He and his friends, then, have the influence, and they have, therefore, the responsibility. If they will control the "passionate young men," there will be no trouble at the polls, no appearance of force, or bayonets, or government "hirelings" in uniform. That the Lamars and Gordons and Hamptons could always have controlled, and in not doing it are chiefly responsible for the situation, is plain. During the canvass of 1868 in Arkansas, after scores of Union men had been shot "from the brush," Governor Clayton proposed to stop such assassination, and sent militia into the turbulent counties. Leading Democrats in those counties came to him and promised that if he would withdraw the militia or not send them where they had not already gone, they would guarantee peace and the execution of legal process. In every instance he accepted the truce, and in every instance they kept their promise, and the disorders ceased. It is not primarily the "passionate young men," it is the public sentiment which sustains them, that is mainly responsible for the situation in the Southern States. We do not forget improper national appointments and official misconduct in those States. But the public opinion in them, the sentiment of the Lamars and Gordons and Hamptons, stigmatized any Southern man who accepted national office, and even their Northern Democratic lackeys licked their shoes by sneering at Longstreet and Orr as false to their section and cause.

The circular of the Attorney-General, careful, considerate, unpartisan, and strictly within the law, provides only for maintaining order, whether threatened or broken by blacks or whites, and for securing an honest election. If that is what the Democratic party desires, there will be no trouble. If there be trouble from any quarter or cause, it will be corrected under a constitutional law.

GOVERNOR HAYES.

Three lives of Governor Hayes have been published: one by J. Q. Howard, one by Russell H. Conwell, and the last by William D. Howells. They are all very interesting, and all tell the story of a representative American, and one which every American will read with pride and pleasure. Mr. Howells's literary instinct and training and his peculiarly delicate touch make his work, although less copious than the others, not less a most winning portrait of a fine and noble character. The life of Governor Hayes is not that of an ambitious politician, but of a quiet, intelligent, honest, and patriotic citizen, attracting at once the confidence of his neighbors, and called by them instinctively to posts of responsibility and honor. Thus without being in the usual sense a politician, never seeking nor especially desiring political distinction, he has been constantly in public life, and has large administrative experience. The paramount impression derived from his biography is that of the quality of his manhood: a sturdy and simple rectitude of nature, which sympathizes with the best, and peremptorily rejects whatever is doubtful, empty, or mean. He comes of what is called good stock, and was born to that common-sense which is the happiest of fortunes.

Naturally "right," and of singular refinement of mind and sympathy, interested in good books and good men, and hospitable to every generous thought and movement, he yet has the solid judgment which considers and weighs, and the tranquil temperament which forbids folly in speech or action. It might be supposed that such a man would appear to be a *doctrinaire* or visionary, and that his opinions would represent wishes rather than conclusions. But it is evident at every step of his career that when he planted his foot, it took square hold of the earth. He is not mastered by eagerness or enthusiasm, but his persistence in duty is inflexible, because it is the growth of conviction, not the warmth of a whim. His clear sense of duty, indeed, is one of the finest aspects of the character portrayed in his memoir. The sagacity, the courage, and the modesty of his views and his conduct are equally admirable. In January, 1861, when Mr. Seward and Mr. Adams were making the speeches which disheartened many Republicans and discouraged the country, Mr. Hayes said, calmly, and with true insight, "Disunion and civil war are at hand, and yet I fear disunion and war less than compromise." When Sumter fell, in April, with the sublime exultation of Samuel Adams on the morning of Lexington and Concord, Hayes said, "Let what evils may follow, I shall not cease to rejoice over this event." A little later he enlisted for the war, saying, "I would rather go into it if I knew that I was to be killed in the course of it, rather than to live through and after it without taking any part in it."

The value of these words is that they are not phrases made for public letters and public speeches and for public effect, but are the natural and simple expression of feelings that immediately took form in deeds. They are in perfect harmony with his letter to General Garfield, last March, on hard money, in which he says, in speaking of the Resumption Bill: "I would 'consent' to no backward steps. To yield or compromise is weakness, and would destroy us. If a better resumption can be substituted for the present one, that may do. But keep cool. We can better afford to be beaten in Congress than to back out." This is the characteristic tone of a man who has the courage of his convictions—"I fear disunion and war less than compromise;" not that he did not know when compromise was wise, but that he knew also when compromise was hopeless madness.

It is impossible to read this life without feeling that the more it is known, the more closely it will commend Governor Hayes, in the words of Mr. Howells, "to the honor and affection of the people." Mr. Conwell says truly, "He is no convert to his party, no meek follower of events, but long before the struggles he felt, and to which he so often refers in his speeches, had become realities, he foretold their advent, and earnestly warning his friends, bravely prepared himself to meet them." And Mr. Howard says, what every earnest and patriotic Republican believes, and those who know him best believe most firmly, "If President, he would do the right thing at the right time in the right way. His election will give us not a solid South or a solid North, but a solid Union." The contrast in patriotism, political sagacity, courage, and directness of nature and conduct between Governor Hayes and his competitor points itself. It seems to us the difference between an adroit, cunning, and clever politician, who could see in the mortal peril of his country only the chances of party, and who prefers to "back out" of a solemn pledge of the public faith rather than to see his party beaten, and a firm and clear-sighted patriot, familiar with public affairs and administration, whose convictions are now, as they have always been, in harmony with those of the most intelligent and, in the true sense, of the most loyal of his fellow-citizens.

THE TURKISH QUESTION.

Our own politics are very engrossing, but the attention of Europe is occupied with the war in the East. The conflict which began in Herzegovina extended in the early summer to Servia, which entered upon the war with high confidence of success. This confidence has been overthrown by summary defeat, and propositions for peace are now pending. There has been serious apprehension that a general war might be brought on, but for the present that seems to be avoided, unless the stringent terms offered by Turkey should be rejected or disapproved by the great powers. Those powers are really the important elements in the affair. It is the interest of Russia to have free access to the Mediterranean. It is the interest of England to keep Turkey as a barrier between the Mediterranean and Russia. This is the reason that England officially appears as the friend of Turkey, and that the popular religious sentiment of England is angry with the conduct of the Government. This feeling is not merely one of hostility in the abstract. The shocking massacres and ravages of the Christians in Bulgaria have aroused deep sympathy with the sufferers and intense antipathy to the ancient foe of Christianity, the Mussulman. This feeling has found expression in England in many ways. The *Times* and other newspapers have sharply censured the sluggishness of action upon the part of the Government. Great meetings have been held to denounce the barbarities and appeal for action. Deputations have waited upon the ministers to remonstrate. There has been a loud demand for the recall of the British minister in Turkey, who was very slow to believe the reports from Bulgaria; and Mr. Gladstone has published a glowing and eloquent denunciation of Turkish rule, although he favors the maintenance of Turkish territorial integrity.

The first authentic and satisfactory account of the Bulgarian massacres proceeds from Mr. Eugene Schuyler, the American consul-general at Constantinople, for some time secretary of legation at Constantinople, and a gentleman whose knowledge of the language and life of the obscure region which is the scene of these events, with his experience, intelligence, and sagacity, peculiarly qualifies him to speak. He has personally visited the district of the massacres, and reports sixty-five villages desolated and obliterated from the earth with every form of cruelty. The pretense was an insurrection, but every village surrendered at once, and the slaughters and crimes were wanton. Mr. Schuyler satisfied himself by careful inquiry that there was really no tolerable pretext for the frightful slaughter, and his account, in the form of a letter to Mr. Maynard, our minister in Turkey, has produced a profound impression in England, and is highly complimented by Mr. Gladstone.

Lord Derby, the Secretary of Foreign Affairs, and Sir Stafford Northcote, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, have both replied to the urgent representations of deputations in a similar strain. They profess great sympathy with the suffering Christians, and declare that England is not jealous of Russia, and will not fail to protect the Christian subjects of Turkey. But they add that an attempt to remove the Turks from Europe would be attended with very much greater horrors than those which are now deplored. The position of the British Government will be sustained or disapproved, undoubtedly, according to its action. If the onerous terms proposed by Turkey should be unqualifiedly approved, there would seem to be very little chance of any improvement in the situation of its Christian subjects, which the most trusty authorities describe as deplorable. The usual Turkish assurance that the Christian grievances shall be redressed ought not to be satisfactory. They are much less likely to be so now than before, because the feebleness of a Christian insurrection and the reluctance of Europe to support it have both been demonstrated.

CHANCES AND PROBABILITIES.

It is amusing to see that some of the "Independents," who have decided that the public welfare will be more surely promoted by the election of Tilden and Hendricks than by Republican success, are very angry with the very much larger body of their late associates who prefer Hayes and Wheeler. Mr. Schurz is the especial object of their contemptuous pity, and he is informed, with bitterness, that he is training under the leadership of Mr. Chandler, and will be swept away in the overpowering deluge of "Grantism," which will also ingulf Governor Hayes, should he be elected. This is really the only argument which these supporters of Tilden and Hendricks can find to urge against the election of Governor Hayes. But that he has ever been especially identified with what they call "Grantism;" that he naturally belongs to it; that he was nominated by it; that his letter betrays his fondness for it; that his most earnest supporters are addicted to it—in fine, that in him, or in his character, or career, or friends, or associations, there is any thing whatever which shows Mr. Hayes to be in any degree identified with "Grantism," even to the degree that Mr. Tilden undeniably is with Tweedism—they do not and can not truthfully say. They content themselves with the presage that when he is elected he will be swept away by a torrent of "Grantism."

This prophecy, coming from the supporters of Tilden and Hendricks, and seriously urged as a reason for electing a man who co-operated with Tweed until the whole world forsook him, who surrendered to the inflation end of his ticket and the inflation part of his party, who has been always only a strict Democratic politician through the worst passages of the history of that party, is inconceivably ludicrous. What they allege that Mr. Hayes must do in the future—that is, yield to the worst elements in his party, for that is their meaning of the term "Grantism"—Mr. Tilden has constantly done in the past. His best friends can not conceal their regret that he should have truckled to the inflationists in his letter of acceptance. Yet that is but an illustration of his whole political career. The pretense of his reducing taxation in New York has been constantly and conclusively exposed;

and the especial evil of fraudulent contracts, against which his "canal reform" was leveled, had been already made impracticable for the future by the amendments to the State Constitution, of which Republicans were the chief champions.

In both the great parties in this country, as in all parties in all countries, there are two elements. The New York *Times*, on the completion of its twenty-fifth anniversary a few days since, published an interesting facsimile of the editorial page of its first number. The very first article, after the salutatory, speaks of the Whig and Democratic State nominations then lately made in New York, and alludes to "the two sections" in each party. They exist, and will always exist. To say that the administration of Governor HAYES would be controlled by the worst section of his party, and that of Governor TILDEN by the best of his, is to say something which is not justified either by the career and character of the two men or by the plain probabilities of the case. Mr. SCHURZ is an ardent advocate of hard money and of civil service reform, and the chances of both seem to him good under Governor HAYES, while he sees none at all under Governor TILDEN. And he might safely challenge any of his critics of the kind we have mentioned to say, upon their honor, whether they believe that wholesome reform of the system is more probable with TILDEN than with HAYES. The very bitterness of their comments betrays the deep distrust of their own position. In their eagerness to be "logical," and to prove that because there had been abuses and misconduct the Republicans should be beaten, without the slightest regard to the plain perils of Democratic ascendency, they lose their common-sense.

DISTRUST OF DEMOCRACY.

THE elections in Vermont and Maine show how slowly public opinion changes upon matters of vital importance. They show, also, that in a time and country where there is a multitude of newspapers constantly discussing public affairs, there is often a general newspaper opinion which is very different from the public sentiment which it seems to represent. The writers for the press generalize, theorize, dilate upon single and objectionable points, "touch the raw" of the adversary, and prove by an appearance of logic that he ought to be discountenanced and defeated. When these writers tell us what the issues are, they announce what they think they should be. But the great popular mind, the mass of voters who do not read all the papers from every part of the country every day, but who read, generally, each individual, one or two papers only, do not dispose of questions and feelings and convictions and associations quite so readily. It is probable that the editorial habit of incessantly writing upon all subjects gives even the most important a kind of unreality, as the physician constantly confronted with disease and death can not regard the sufferer with that acute sympathy which his friends and kindred feel.

Maine and Vermont remind us that the editors who have persistently asserted that the war and its issues have been outgrown by the public mind, and that nothing but reform is now demanded, have been mistaken. The grave mind of a great nation can not pass so easily from a contest so tremendous and prolonged. It has its tokens still in too many homes and hearts. And the dead boy in Georgia, or the wreck of a brother in New England, is a more powerful argument than all the orators can urge. The effort of those who would see with complacency the return of the Democratic party to deride this feeling as a bloody-shirt sentiment, recoils upon those who make it. The bloody shirt is the symbol of the survival of the spirit of Andersonville. For who made it bloody? We are far from arguing that the campaign should be rested upon that appeal and remembrance, and, as we say elsewhere, we have no sympathy with any wanton revival of bitterness of feeling. Every honest and wise and patriotic American will heartily despise the spirit which would send BUTLER to Congress "to stir up the rebels." It is impossible to imagine a decent Englishman voting for a member of Parliament to stir up the Irish. And we hope that it is not necessary to admit that on such a point Englishmen are our superiors.

But the existence of this deep and natural feeling can not be wisely neglected. To inflame it and to denounce it are equally foolish. It is to be recognized and turned to good account. Contemned often in the best newspapers, it is one of the strong forces of our politics. The distrust of the Democratic party, of which so much is said, is but another form of the feeling that those who sought to destroy the government ought not to control it. This is the explanation of the Maine and Vermont elections. It is not that plausible arguments can not be presented in the newspapers and on the stump for the Democratic side, nor that Republicans can approve or justify every thing that has been done in their name, but that there is nothing in the present conduct or position of the Democratic party which authorizes a reasonable expectation that it could or would deal with the exigencies of the time so wisely and patriotically as the Republicans under HAYES.

INDIANA.

THE campaign in Indiana is prosecuted with increasing zeal. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, who regarded with alarm the monster mass-meetings which began with the national HARRISON campaign of 1840, would be terrified by the popular absorption in this State HARRISON campaign of 1876. The nomination of Mr. HARRISON at once awakened a Republican enthusiasm which is the best augury of success, and "the camp fires burn brightly" every where. The Democrats are not less conscious of the immense importance to them of Indiana. If they lose the State in October, it is generally conceded that they must lose the great prize in November; while if the Republicans lose Indiana, it is not at all clear that they may not carry the country a month later. The accounts on both sides are necessarily tinged by party hope and confidence. It is not to be doubted that Mr. TILDEN and his lieutenants will strain every nerve for success in Indiana, and that they rely much more upon "management" than upon public speaking and appeals to reason and intelligence. But although the Democratic effort may be less visible, it must not for that reason be undervalued. The State, by immigration and the inflation heresy, has been growing Democratic, for every man who favors inflation generally inclines to the Democratic party. But, nevertheless, the prospects in Indiana seem to promise Republican success, which would virtually settle the question of the Presidency.

The main question that has been discussed by the Republicans is the peril of a return of "the South" to the control of the government—a question which has intense interest for the State of the Knights of the Golden Circle and of the Copperhead Legislature with which Governor MORTON had his memorable contest. The war record of Governor HENDRICKS is a fair measure of the Democratic feeling in Indiana during the rebellion; and if the argument in this election is chiefly addressed to the fear of that feeling, it is because, in the opinion of Indiana Republicans, that is the real issue. The attempt of the Democrats to deny that there is any Southern issue has failed. Naturally they are unwilling that the people should remember the Democratic effort to defeat the government. But when Democrats insist that the war is passed and that the issues are new, the common-sense of Indiana asks why those who were so false to the safety and existence of the country and government should now be supposed so very true to their welfare, or what valid reason the Copperheads of 1862 have ever shown for being considered reformers in 1876.

THE ERIE DISTRICT.

THE Republicans of the Erie district, in this State, have set an example which might be profitably followed in every State. They have nominated the Honorable E. G. SPAULDING for Congress, and the Honorable E. CARLETON SPRAGUE for the State Senate. Mr. SPAULDING'S former Congressional service was distinguished, and shows him peculiarly fitted for the financial legislation which will certainly be attempted in the next Congress. He is in great part the true father of the greenback, and was chairman of the subcommittee of Ways and Means at the time the legal-tender act was passed. He is the author of the authoritative history of the greenback, for which he takes a motto from JEFFERSON, disclosing his own views:

> "In such a nation there is one, and only one, resource for loans sufficient to carry through the expenses of a great war, namely, fundable Treasury notes, fitted for circulation as money, and based upon adequate taxation; that in the interval between war and war all the outstanding paper should be called in, coin permitted to flow in again, and hold the field of circulation until another war should require its yielding place again to the national medium."

In accepting the nomination, Mr. SPAULDING affirmed his hard-money views emphatically, saying that if the paper is so managed as to place it at par on the 1st of January, 1879, no one would suffer, confidence would be largely restored, and labor would again find employment. But Mr. SPAULDING'S earnest and unreserved acceptance of all that Governor HAYES says in his letter of reform in the system of the civil service is most significant. He is one of the HAYES Republicans on that subject, and every district should take care that only such Republicans are sent to Congress.

But not satisfied with this good work, the Erie Convention proceeded to select a successor to Senator ROGERS, the Republican candidate for Lieutenant-Governor. This was not an easy task. The only objection ever suggested to the nomination of Senator ROGERS was that his election would take him from the floor to the chair of the Senate, and that it would be very hard to fill his place. But the nomination of Mr. SPRAGUE to the seat of Mr. ROGERS shows not only that Erie can furnish a worthy successor, but a successor whose acceptance proves, as that of Mr. ROGERS did, the willingness of citizens of the highest character to take part in politics. This is in itself a public service. Mr. SPRAGUE is one of the best-known citizens of Buffalo, and a leader at the bar. He is a representative of that Republicanism which commands universal respect and confidence, and of that character and ability which are the hope of American politics.

PERSONAL.

THE oldest man in Boston, Mr. JOHN SOUTHER, Jun., celebrated his ninety-fifth birthday September 13. He is mentally and physically sound, and takes his rations with cheerful alacrity.

—Mr. SAMUEL COIT MORGAN, who died in Norwich, Connecticut, on the 11th of September, was the oldest lawyer in Connecticut, with one exception. He graduated from Yale in 1812. The late GEORGE D. PRENTICE studied law in his office.

—Dr. G. B. WINSHIP, the famous athlete, died a few days ago in Boston, aged forty-two. Athletes generally die young, generally from overdoing it. His exploits in lifting unnecessarily large barrels, weights, etc., gained for him some little notoriety, but the practical results were *nil*, as has been unfortunately proved in his own case.

—Mr. DISRAELI'S next musical knight will probably be Dr. MACFARREN, who succeeded Sir WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT at the Royal Academy. He is in the first rank as an English composer and musician. Nearly all his titled *confrères* are foreigners.

—Rev. HENRY HAWORTH, one of the eminently fashionable clergymen of London, and rector of St. George's, Hanover Square, is dead. It is thirty-one years since he was appointed to that most desirable living. It has an income of $4000 a year, but its real value was much larger, for at its chancel were solemnized the majority of the aristocratic weddings, the parish including a large portion of the most fashionable part of London. The point was in the wedding fees.

—It is said that Mr. ROEBLING, the engineer of the Brooklyn Bridge, directs operations on it from his home in Trenton, New Jersey, where he is confined with the "caisson disease." This has afflicted over one hundred of those who worked in the compressed air of the caissons while laying the foundations under water.

—The Rev. Dr. MUHLENBERG, rector of St. Luke's Hospital, and author of some of the most beautiful hymns sung in our churches, attained his eightieth year on the 16th of September. He is the grandson of PETER JOHN GABRIEL MUHLENBERG, who was the founder of the Lutheran Church in America, and won honors alike as a preacher and a soldier, in which latter character he reached the rank of brigadier-general in 1777. Dr. MUHLENBERG began his ministry in 1817 as an assistant of Bishop WHITE; went to the parish of St. James, Lancaster, Pennsylvania, in 1821; entered upon his work of education at Flushing in 1828; founded the Church of the Holy Communion in New York in 1846; went to the charge of St. Luke's Hospital in 1858; established the first Protestant Episcopal sisterhood in 1845; and founded the Christian Industrial Community of St. Johnland in 1865. He is now pastor of St. Luke's Hospital and the Community of St. Johnland. Dr. MUHLENBERG calls himself an Evangelical Catholic. At St. Luke's Hospital the service is that of the Episcopal Church, but largely choral. The chapel being in the centre of the hospital, the invalids who are unable to come to service can enjoy and participate in much of those portions that are vocal. No man in the Protestant ministry is more generally beloved than Dr. MUHLENBERG. A very delightful incident in connection with the good doctor's birthday was the presentation to him, by his friends, of $20,000.

—Colonel INGERSOLL makes some telling hits in his speeches. The other night, in Philadelphia, speaking of Governor TILDEN as a railroad attorney, he remarked, "He's made a fortune, like JACOB in the Bible, by watering stock."

—It was rather a wayward whim in Mr. BENSON, of Chicago, to name his children after the place of their birth—the more so as he was generally on the move. He has now a family of six children. When the first, a girl, was born, he resided in Albany, and so named her ALBANY BENSON; going West shortly after, a boy was given unto him, whom he called OMAHA BENSON; then came in due order ST. JOSEPH BENSON, a boy; ST. JOSEPHINE BENSON, a girl; CINCINNATI BENSON, a daughter; and the last, a boy of two years, CHICAGO BENSON.

—Professor HUXLEY'S personal appearance so strongly resembles that of the Rev. Dr. WILLIAM M. TAYLOR, of the Broadway Tabernacle, that, under ordinary circumstances, the doctor might for the moment be supposed to be occupying the professor's shoes; but when the professor begins to evolve his scientific views, the resemblance ceases. The doctor "evolves" so differently, and his deductions and teachings are so full of faith, of hope, and consolation, that good New Yorkers will cling closest to him of the Tabernacle.

—Mr. SAYLER, Speaker *pro tem.* of the House of Representatives, has some knowledge of Hebrew, which he studied when he was young. He attended a Jewish banquet in Washington on July 13, at which he spoke to a Hebrew quotation from the Bible, to the great astonishment of his hearers, his speech being full of Hebrew sayings, and containing a Hebrew poem. A Mr. S. MANNHEIMER, of St. Louis, the author of a *Hebrew Reader and Grammar*, sent him a copy of the work the following day, and the distinguished Congressional Hebraist replies that he will turn the book to the good use of recovering what he has forgotten of the ancient language of Judæa.

—The Rev. L. TYERMAN, author of *The Life and Times of John Wesley*, published by HARPER & BROTHERS, will soon give to the public a biography of GEORGE WHITEFIELD, the celebrated preacher. His church in Tottenham Court Road is well known, apart from its connection with WHITEFIELD, by all lovers of THACKERAY, as being the church where Hetty Lambert used to go in order to leave Theo and George Warrington to make love together.

—Dr. AUSTIN FLINT, Jun., is not only an author, but an athlete. A few days since he put up a 180½-pound dumb-bell at Wood's Gymnasium. This is the second-best lift ever made, either by a professional or amateur, and is an achievement which places Dr. FLINT in the position of second best at dumb-bell lifting in the world. Mr. RICHARD A. PENNELL, of this city, is the first, he having succeeded in putting up 201 pounds 5 ounces, January 24, 1874, in presence of an audience of 800 people, at the same place.

—The *British Medical Journal* says there is reported from Stornoway the death of a woman at the authenticated age of one hundred and fifteen years. She resided all her lifetime in a little thatched hovel. She was never married, and until the last few years enjoyed pretty good health.

—Mr. JOHN B. GOUGH possesses four large volumes, which contain the signatures of 140,000 persons who have taken the pledge of temperance at his hands.

—Mr. JOHN WALTER, M.P. and proprietor of the London *Times*, arrived here in the steamer *Russia* on a visit to the Centennial, and while in Philadelphia will be the guest of Mr. GEORGE W. CHILDS.

—The Prince Imperial of Austria is shortly expected in England, of which he will make the tour, and come thence to the United States. His jaunt will extend over two years.

—According to the Doomsday-book, Lord DUFFERIN has an annual income from land of $105,000, and the Earl of Dunraven, $175,000. The latter hunts largely in the far West. Has much land there.

—The personal appearance of M. DE GIRARDIN is thus sketched by MONCURE D. CONWAY: "Ascending a stairway which may remind one of those old Venetian stairs in which artists so delight, the visitor finds the famous editor hard at work in a grand room. Small in figure, rather quaintly dressed for morning—somewhat in the old fashion, with white neck-tie—and not altogether prepossessing in countenance, M. DE GIRARDIN still bears the stamp of extraordinary intellect in his face. His cheeks are ruddy and veined, his eye is light, his hair rather blonde than gray, his mouth thin and grave. One is rather surprised to find so young and hearty a man in one who has played such prominent parts in the successive scenes of the political drama in France. As an editor he may be played out, but it is not in industry or ability."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

A FRIGHTFUL railroad accident occurred at Black Lick Station, on the Pan Handle route, early on the morning of September 22. The train was running at the rate of forty miles an hour, when four of the cars jumped the track and rolled down an embankment thirty feet high. The engine, baggage car, and mail car remained on the track, while all but one of those in the rear were wrecked. About two hundred passengers were on board, four of whom, two men and two children, were killed, and twenty-five or thirty injured.

The second (return) match between the Irish and American rifle teams was shot at Creedmoor September 21, resulting in a victory for the Americans by eleven points. The total scores on the two sides were 1154 and 1165 respectively, out of a possible 1350.

The steam-ship *Rebecca Clyde*, bound from Wilmington for Baltimore, went to pieces at Portsmouth, off Pamlico Sound, September 18. Captain Childs and twelve others were lost.

Rear-Admiral Pennock, of the United States navy, died at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, September 20, aged sixty-two years.

The official returns of the Maine election, received at the Secretary of State's office from all but one town and six plantations, give a total vote of 136,490, of which Connor (Republican) got 75,710, and Talbot (Democrat), 60,251, with scattering, 529. This makes Connor's majority over Talbot 15,459. The Republicans have 120 Representatives, and the Democrats 29.

John D. Lee, charged with participation in the horrible massacre of a party of emigrants in the Mountain Meadows in the year 1857, has been tried and convicted of murder in the first degree by a jury in Salt Lake City.

FOREIGN NEWS.

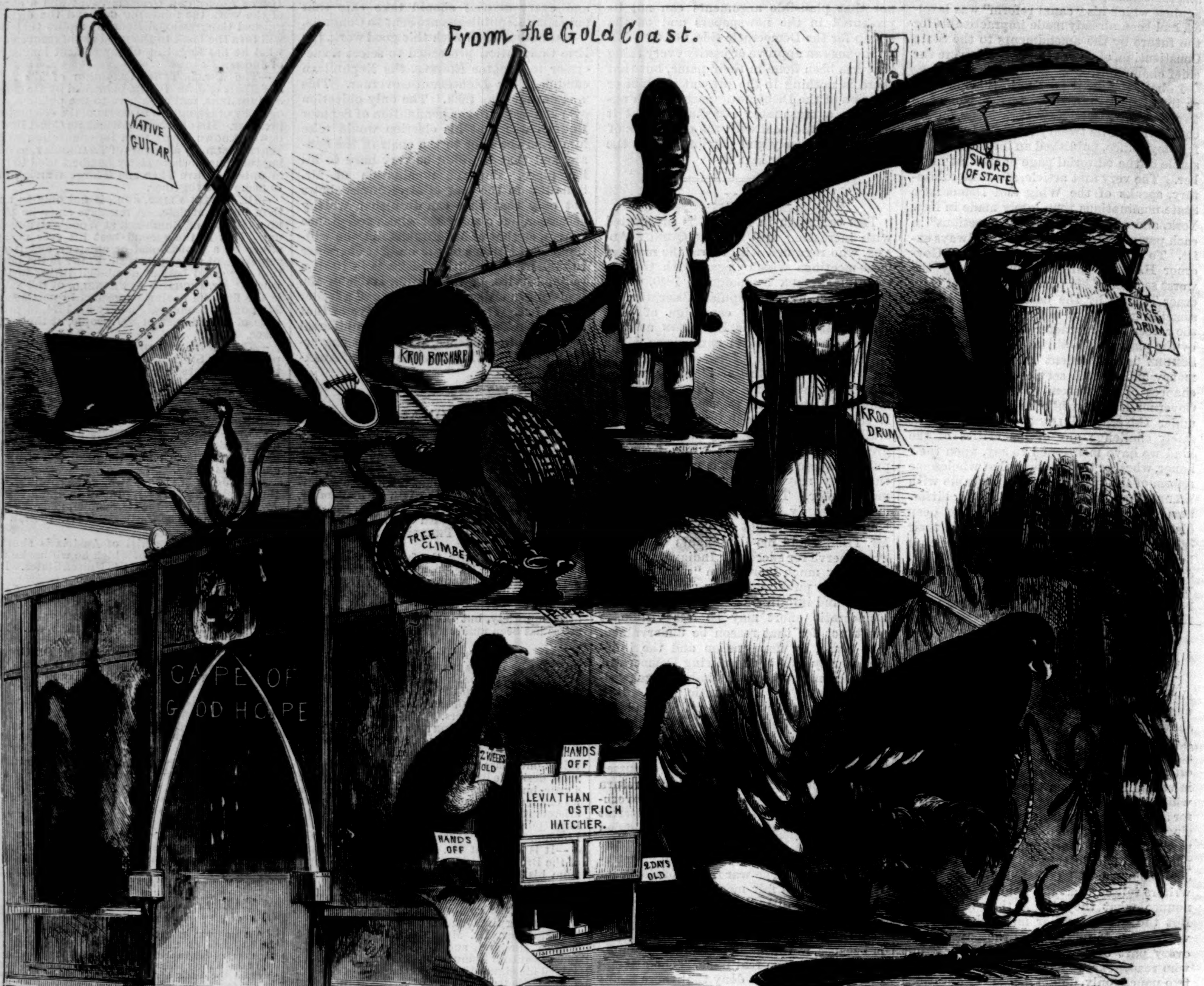
THE London *Times* has a telegram from the Turkish seat of war saying that the Porte is ready to accord a prolonged armistice, provided Russia suspends the dispatch of officers and soldiers to Belgrade. There are already 15,000 Russians in Servia.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says the Earl of Derby has consented to receive a deputation relative to the persecution of Protestants in Spain. It was announced at a meeting of members of the various Protestant societies in London that the German missions have not been molested, in consequence of special stipulations made by Emperor William. The London *Times* publishes a letter from Barcelona, which says: "During the past three months the clergy and aristocracy have made a severe attack upon their employés and servants who dare to worship in or send their children to Protestant schools or churches. Hundreds of poor men and women have thus suffered for their faith." A Madrid dispatch, dated September 21, says that the Spanish government has approved the conduct of the Prefect of Valladolid, who forbade the sale of Protestant Bibles in the streets of that town.

During the recent hurricane off the island of St. Thomas, the American barkentine *Idella Berry* was totally wrecked, and all on board excepting two mates and one seaman were drowned.

It is reported in Alexandria that the Abyssinians have captured Massowah and two Egyptian steamers.

An immense meeting on the Eastern question was held at the Guildhall September 18, over which the Lord Mayor presided. The proceedings were marked by some disorder. An address to the Queen was voted, deploring the outrages of the Turks, and praying England no longer to support Turkey from considerations of political expediency. An amendment expressing confidence in the government was rejected by an overwhelming majority. A motion in favor of an immediate convocation of Parliament was carried. The crowd was so great that a number of persons were unable to get into the Guildhall, and another meeting was held outside the building.

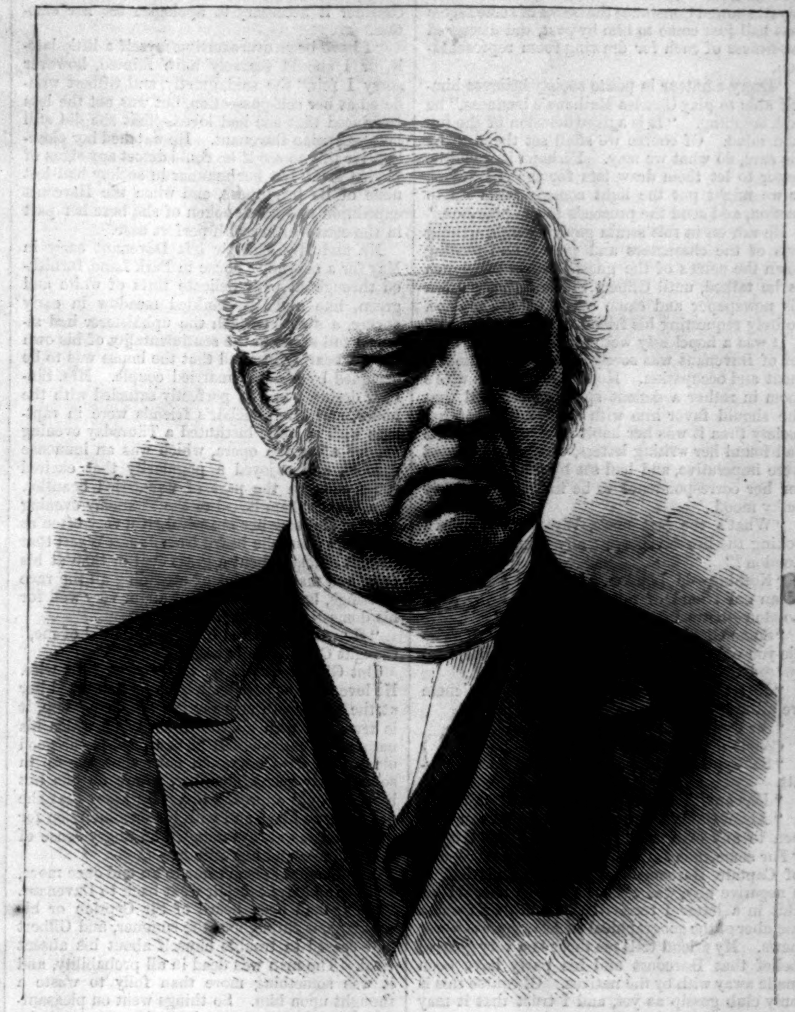

From the Gold Coast.
NATIVE GUITAR
SWORD OF STATE
KROO BOYS HARP
SNAKE SKIN DRUM
KROO DRUM
TREE CLIMBER
PIPE
CAPE OF GOOD HOPE
2 WEEKS OLD
HANDS OFF
LEVIATHAN OSTRICH HATCHER.
HANDS OFF
2 DAYS OLD
NEW ZEALAND.
QUEENSLAND
GOLD
PRIZE
WOOL
SKULL of the DUGONG
QUEENSLAND
QUEENSLAND
TIN TROPHY.

THE CENTENNIAL—QUEENSLAND AND OTHER BRITISH COLONIES.—FROM SKETCHES BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 818.]

THE LATE BISHOP JANES.

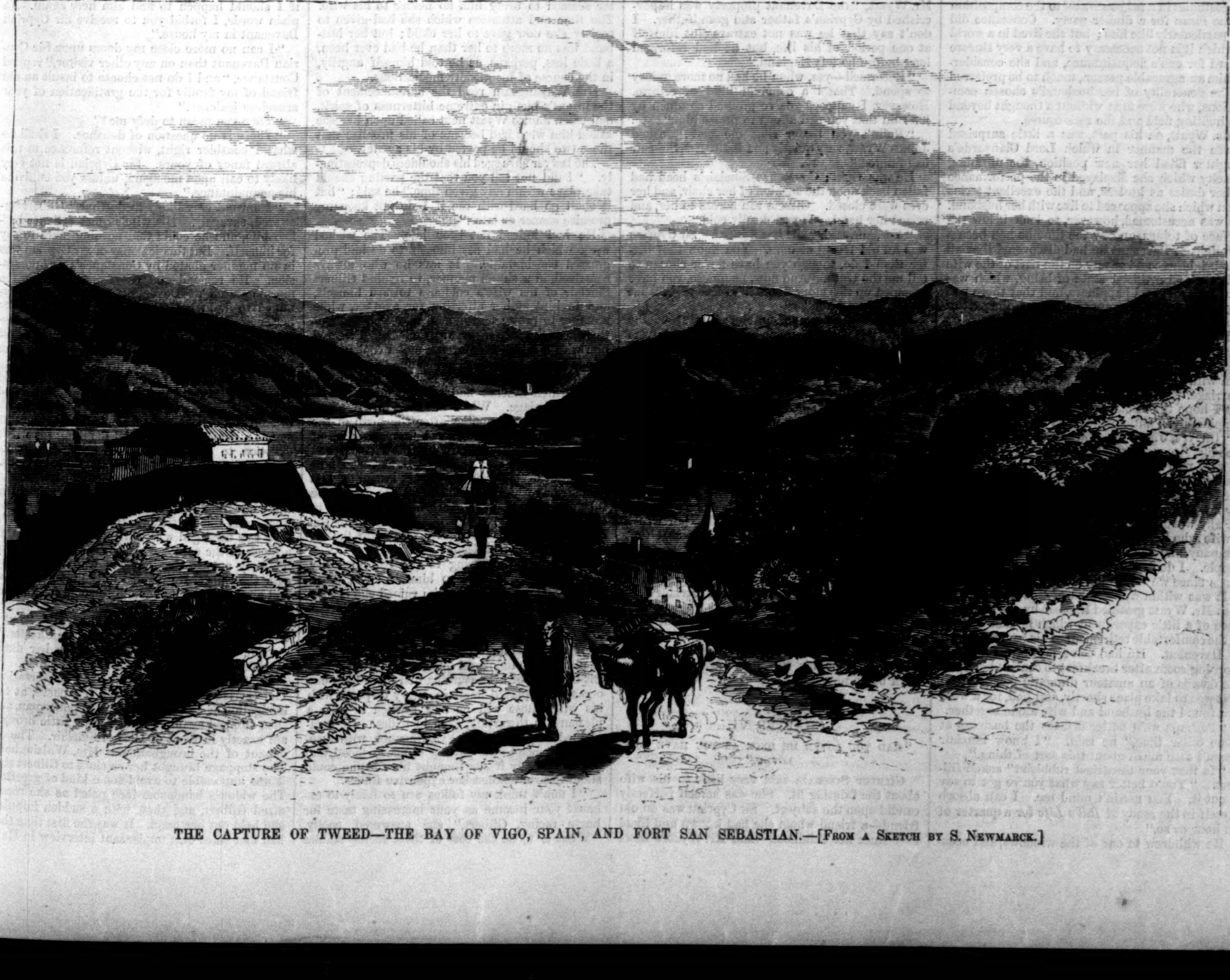
THE Methodist Episcopal Church has lost a most energetic officer, and the city of New York a valuable citizen, in the death of Bishop EDMUND S. JANES, on the 18th of September. His health had been precarious for several years, and it is supposed that the recent death of his wife contributed, by its effect upon his spirits, to hasten his end. He had filled the office of bishop thirty-two years, having been elected in 1844 by the General Conference through whose action the Methodist Episcopal Church was divided. He lived long enough, however, to see the Northern and Southern Churches reconciled, and to contribute very greatly to the reconciliation. He was born in Sheffield, Berkshire County, Massachusetts, in 1807, entered the itinerant ministry in 1830, and filled important positions in New Jersey and the cities of Philadelphia and New York. Immediately before his election to the episcopate he had been Financial Secretary of the American Bible Society. His duties as a bishop required of him incessant travel in all parts of the United States, and to some extent in Europe. In the discharge of his duties he was noted for his unwearied diligence. It could be said of him that, if he never hasted, he never rested. His devotion to work had all the qualities of a passion.

In person Bishop JANES was for many years slender, with an appearance of delicate health, though in his later life he became both stout and robust. A voice naturally feeble was managed with great effectiveness. Without being eloquent, he was always impressive. Clearness, terseness, and good sense were the predominant qualities of his public addresses. In administration he was conservative, rather keeping pace with the advance movement of the Church, of which he was a distinguished ornament, than leading it. In purity, fidelity, and integrity he had no superiors, and will leave behind him the fragrant memory of an irreproachable life.


THE LATE BISHOP JANES.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.]

THE BAY OF VIGO.

THE Spanish sea-port of Vigo, which has suddenly become noted as the place where TWEED was captured after months of wandering, is beautifully situated in a fertile region on the southern shore of a commodious and picturesque bay of the same name. It lies under the high cliff on which stands the fort shown in our sketch, and presents an attractive appearance when approached from the water side. Old walls, which still bear the traces of Sir FRANCIS DRAKE's fierce cannonades, surround the town, and the narrow streets straggle up and down the hill-side with an utter contempt for regularity. Outside the walls there are beautiful suburbs and country-seats, and the surrounding heights are crowned with forts built in the old style—picturesque objects in a landscape, but not of much account except as military prisons and dépôts. The town was of great commercial importance in early times, and contained wealth enough to attract repeated attacks by English fleets during the long period when England and Spain were contending for the mastery of the seas and the possession of the New World. Toward the close of the sixteenth century Vigo was taken and ravaged several times by the English forces under Sir FRANCIS DRAKE. In 1702 the allied English and Dutch squadrons destroyed the Spanish galleon fleet, which, with its French convoys, had sought refuge in the spacious roadstead; and in 1719 the allies captured the town itself. The English and French steamers stop at Vigo on their way to and from South America. The population of the town is about 8000 souls, the annual imports amount to about 20,000,000 reals, and the exports, including wine, fish, etc., to about 7,000,000. The harbor is accessible to small craft only, but the roadstead, sheltered by the surrounding hills, is commodious and safe.


THE CAPTURE OF TWEED—THE BAY OF VIGO, SPAIN, AND FORT SAN SEBASTIAN.—[FROM A SKETCH BY S. NEWMARCK.]

Weavers and Weft;

OR,

"LOVE THAT HATH US IN HIS NET."

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "A STRANGE WORLD," "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

"GREEN-EYED JEALOUSY!"

IT was not till the early spring that Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair returned to England. They had spent the winter in Rome, where Gilbert had found some congenial friends, and where their time had been occupied in one perpetual round of gayety and dissipation. Constance had shown a great taste for pleasure since her marriage. She seemed to know no weariness of visiting and being visited, and people who remembered her in her girlish days were surprised to find what a thorough woman of the world she had become. Nor was Gilbert displeased that it should be so. He liked to see his wife occupy a prominent position in society, and having no taste himself for the pleasures of the domestic hearth, he was neither surprised nor vexed by Constance's indifference to her home. Of course it would all be different at Davenant Park; there would be plenty of home life there—a little too much, perhaps, Gilbert thought with a yawn.

They had been married nearly four months, and there had not been the shadow of disagreement between them. Constance's manner to her husband was amiability itself. She treated him a little *de haut en bas* it is true, made her own plans for the most part without reference to him, and graciously informed him of her arrangements after they were completed. But then, on the other hand, she never objected to his disposal of his time, was never exacting, or jealous, or capricious, as Clara Walsingham had been. She was always agreeable to his friends, and was eminently popular with all of them; so Gilbert Sinclair was, upon the whole, perfectly satisfied with the result of his marriage, and had no fear of evil days in the future. What James Wyatt had said of him was perfectly true. He was not gifted with very fine feelings, and that sense of something wanting in such a union, which would have disturbed the mind of a nobler man, did not trouble him.

They returned to England early in February, and went at once to Davenant, which had been furnished in the modern mediæval style by a West End upholsterer. The staff of servants had been provided by Lady Clanyarde, who had bestowed much pains and labor upon the task of selection, bitterly bewailing the degeneracy of the race she had to deal with during the performance of this difficult service. All was ready when Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair arrived. A pompous housekeeper simpered and courtesied in the hall; an accomplished cook hovered tenderly over the roasts and the stew-pans in the great kitchen; house-maids in smart caps flitted about the passages and poked the fires in bedroom and dressing-rooms, bath-rooms and morning-room, eager to get an early look at their new lady; a butler of the usual clerical appearance ushered the way to the lamp-lit drawing-room, while two ponderous footmen conveyed the rugs and newspapers and morocco bags from the carriage, leaving all the heavier luggage to the cares of unknown underlings attached to the stable department. Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair dined alone upon this first evening of their return, under the inspection of the clerical butler and the two ponderous footmen. They talked chiefly about the house, which rooms were most successful in their new arrangement, and so on; a little about what they had been doing in Rome; and a little about their plans for the next month, what guests were to be invited, and what rooms they were to occupy. It was all the most matter-of-fact, conventional talk, but the three men retired with the impression that Gilbert Sinclair and his wife were a very happy couple, and reported to that effect in the housekeeper's room and the servants' hall.

Before the week had ended the great house was full of company. That feverish desire for gayety and change, which had seemed a part of Constance's nature since her marriage, in no way subsided on her arrival at Davenant. She appeared to exist for pleasure and pleasure only, and her guests declared her the most charming hostess that ever reigned over a country-house. Lavish as he was, Mr. Sinclair opened his eyes to their widest extent when he perceived his wife's capacity for spending money.

"It's rather lucky for you that you didn't marry a poor man, Constance," he said, with a boastful laugh.

She looked at him for a moment with a strange expression and then turned very pale. "I should not have been afraid to face poverty," she said, "if it had been my fate to do so."

"If you could have faced it with the man you liked, eh, Constance? That's about what you mean, isn't it?"

"Is this intended for a complaint, Gilbert?" his wife asked, in her coldest tones. "Have I been spending too much money?"

"No, no, I didn't mean that. I was only congratulating you upon your fitness for the position of a rich man's wife."

This was the first little outbreak of jealousy of which Gilbert Sinclair had been guilty. He knew that his wife did not love him, that his conquest had been achieved through the influence of her family, and he was almost angry with himself for being so fond of her. He could not forget those vague hints that had been dropped about Sir Cyprian Davenant, and was tormented by the idea that James Wyatt knew a great deal more than he had revealed upon this point. This hidden jealousy had been at the bottom of his purchase of the Davenant estate. He took a savage pride in reigning over the little kingdom from which his rival had been deposed.

Among the visitors from London appeared Mr. Wyatt, always unobtrusive, and always useful. He contrived to ingratiate himself very rapidly in Mrs. Sinclair's favor, and established himself as a kind of adjutant in her household corps, always ready with advice upon every social subject, from the costumes in a *tableau vivant* to the composition of the *menu* for a dinner party. Constance did not particularly like him; but she lived in a world in which it is not necessary to have a very sincere regard for one's acquaintance, and she considered him an agreeable person, much to be preferred to the generality of her husband's chosen companions, who were men without a thought beyond the hunting field and the race-course.

Mr. Wyatt, on his part, was a little surprised to see the manner in which Lord Clanyarde's daughter filled her new position, the unfailing vivacity which she displayed in the performance of her duties as hostess, and the excellent terms upon which she appeared to live with her husband. He was accustomed, however, to look below the surface of things, and by the time he had been a fortnight at Davenant he had discovered that all this brightness and gayety on the part of the wife indicated an artificial state of being, which was very far from real happiness, and that there was a growing sense of disappointment on the part of the husband.

He was not in the habit of standing upon much ceremony in his intercourse with Gilbert Sinclair, and on the first convenient occasion questioned him with blunt directness upon the subject of his marriage.

"I hope the alliance has brought you all the happiness you anticipated?" he said.

"Oh yes, Jim," Mr. Sinclair answered, rather moodily, "my wife suits me pretty well. We get on very well together. She's a little too fond of playing the woman of fashion; but she'll get tired of that in time, I dare say. I'm fond of society myself, you know, couldn't lead a solitary life for any woman in Christendom; but I should like a wife who seemed to care a little more for my company, and was not always occupied with other people. I don't think we have dined alone three times since we were married."

It was within a few days of this conversation that Mr. Wyatt gratified himself by the performance of a little experiment which he had devised in the comfortable retirement of his bachelor room at Davenant. He had come into Mrs. Sinclair's morning-room after breakfast to consult her upon the details of an amateur dramatic performance that was to take place shortly, and had, for a wonder, found the husband and wife alone together.

"Perhaps we'd better discuss the business at some other time," he said. "I know Sinclair doesn't care much about this sort of thing."

"Is that your theatrical rubbish?" asked Gilbert. "You'd better say what you've got to say about it. You needn't mind me. I can absorb myself in the study of *Bell's Life* for a quarter of an hour or so."

He withdrew to one of the windows, and occupied himself with his newspaper, while James Wyatt showed Constance the books of some farces that had just come to him by post, and discussed the fitness of each for drawing-room representation.

"Every amateur in polite society believes himself able to play Charles Mathews's business," he said, laughing. "It is a fixed delusion of the human mind. Of course we shall set them all by the ears, do what we may. Perhaps it would be better to let them draw lots for the characters, or we might put the light comedy parts up to auction, and send the proceeds to the poor-box."

He ran on in this strain gayly enough, writing lists of the characters and pieces, and putting down the names of the guests with a rapid pen as he talked, until Gilbert Sinclair threw down his newspaper and came over to the fire-place, politely requesting his friend to "stop that row."

It was a hopelessly wet morning, and the master of Davenant was sorely at a loss for amusement and occupation. He had come to his wife's room in rather a defiant spirit, determined that she should favor him with a little more of her society than it was her habit to give him, and he had found her writing letters, which she declared were imperative, and had sat by the fire waiting for her correspondence to be finished, in a very sulky mood.

"What's the last news, Wyatt?" he asked, poking the fire savagely; "any thing stirring in London?"

"Nothing—in London. There is some news of an old friend of mine who's far away from London—news I don't altogether like."

"Some client who has bolted in order to swindle you out of a long bill of costs, I suppose," answered Gilbert, indifferently.

"No; the friend I am talking of is a gentleman we all know—the late owner of this place."

"Sir Cyprian Davenant?" cried Gilbert.

Constance looked up from her writing.

"Sir Cyprian Davenant," repeated James Wyatt.

"Has any thing happened to him?"

"About the last and worst thing that can happen to any man, I fear," answered the lawyer. "For some time since there have been no reports of Captain Harcourt's expedition; and that, in a negative way, was about as bad as it could be. But in a letter I received this morning, from a member of the geographical society, there is worse news. My friend tells me there is a very general belief that Harcourt and his party have been made away with by the natives. Of course this is only club gossip as yet, and I trust that it may turn out a false alarm."

Constance had dropped her pen, making a great blot upon the page. She was very pale, and her hands were clasped nervously upon the table before her. Gilbert watched her with eager, angry eyes. It was just such an opportunity as he had wished for. He wanted above all things to satisfy his doubts about that man.

"I don't see that it much matters whether the report is true or false," he said, "as far as Davenant is concerned. The fellow was a scamp, and only left England because he had spent his last sixpence in dissipation."

"I beg your pardon, Sinclair," remonstrated Mr. Wyatt, "the Davenant property was impoverished by Cyprian's father and grandfather. I don't say that he was not extravagant himself at one period of his life, but he had reformed long before he left England."

"Reformed—yes, when he had no more money to spend. That's a common kind of reform. However, I suppose you've profited so much by his ruin that you can afford to praise him."

"Hadn't you better ring the bell?" asked James Wyatt, very quietly; "I think Mrs. Sinclair has fainted."

He was right; Constance Sinclair's head had fallen back upon the cushion of her chair, and her eyes were closed. Gilbert ran across to her, and seized her hand. It was deadly cold.

"Yes," he said, "she has fainted. Sir Cyprian was an old friend of hers. You know that better than I do, though you have never chosen to tell me the truth. And now, I suppose, you have trumped up this story in order to let me see what a fool I have been."

"It is not a trumped-up story," returned the other. "It is the common talk among men who know the travelers and their line of country."

"Then for your friend's sake it is to be hoped it's true."

"Why so?"

"Because if he has escaped those black fellows to come my way it will be so much the worse for both of us; for as sure as there is a sky above us, if he and I meet I shall kill him."

"Bah," muttered Mr. Wyatt, contemptuously, "we don't live in the age for that sort of thing. Here comes your wife's maid; I'll get out of the way. Pray apologize to Mrs. Sinclair for my indiscretion in forgetting that Sir Cyprian was a friend of her family. It was only natural that she should be affected by the news."

The lawyer went away as the maid came into the room. His face was brightened by a satisfied smile as he walked slowly along the corridor leading to the billiard-room.

"Othello was a fool to him in the matter of jealousy," he said to himself. "I think I've fired the train. If the news I heard is true, and Davenant is on his way home, there'll be nice work by-and-by."

CHAPTER VIII.

"HAD YOU LOVED ME ONCE AS YOU HAVE NOT LOVED."

Gilbert Sinclair said very little to his wife about the fainting fit. She was herself perfectly candid upon the subject. Sir Cyprian was an old friend—a friend whom she had known and liked ever since her childhood—and Mr. Wyatt's news had quite overcome her. She did not seem to consider it necessary to apologize for her emotion.

"I have been overexerting myself a little lately, or I should scarcely have fainted, however sorry I felt," she said, quietly, and Gilbert wondered at her self-possession, but was not the less convinced that she had loved—that she did still love—Cyprian Davenant. He watched her closely after this to see if he could detect any signs of hidden grief, but her manner in society had lost none of its brightness, and when the Harcourt expedition was next spoken of she bore her part in the conversation with perfect ease.

Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair left Davenant early in May for a charming house in Park Lane, furnished throughout with delicate tints of white and green, like a daisy-sprinkled meadow in early spring, a style in which the upholsterer had allowed full scope to the sentimentality of his own nature, bearing in mind that the house was to be occupied by a newly married couple. Mrs. Sinclair declared herself perfectly satisfied with the house, and Mrs. Sinclair's friends were in raptures with it. She instituted a Thursday evening supper after the opera, which was an immense success, and enjoyed a popularity that excited some envy on the part of unmarried beauties. Mrs. Walsingham heard of the Thursday evening parties, and saw her beautiful rival very often at the opera; but she heard from James Wyatt that Gilbert Sinclair spent a great deal of time at his club, and made a point of attending all the race meetings, habits that did not augur very well for his domestic happiness.

"He will grow tired of her, as he did of me," thought Clara Walsingham.

But Gilbert was in no way weary of his wife. He loved her as passionately as he had loved her at the first: with an exacting selfish passion, it is true, but with all the intensity of which his nature was capable. If he had lived in the good old feudal days he would have shut her up in some lonely turret chamber, where no one but himself could approach her. He knew that she did not love him; and with his own affection for her there was always mingled an angry sense of her coldness and ingratitude.

The London season came to an end once more, and Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair went back to Davenant. Nothing had been heard of Sir Cyprian or his companions throughout the summer, and Gilbert had ceased to trouble himself about his absent rival. The man was dead in all probability, and it was something more than folly to waste a thought upon him. So things went on pleasantly enough, until the early spring gave a baby daughter to the master of Davenant, much to his disappointment, as he ardently desired a son and heir.

The birth of this infant brought a new sense of joy to the mind of Constance Sinclair. She had not thought it possible that the child could give her so much happiness. She devoted herself to her baby with a tenderness which was at first very pleasing to her husband, but which became by-and-by distasteful to him. He grew jealous of the child's power to absorb so much affection from one who had never given him the love he longed for. The existence of his daughter seemed to bring him no nearer to his wife. The time and attention which she had given to society she now gave to her child; but her husband was no more to her than he had ever been, a little less, perhaps, as he told himself angrily, in the course of his gloomy meditations.

Mrs. Walsingham read the announcement of the infant's birth in extreme bitterness of spirit, and when James Wyatt next called upon her she asked him what had become of his promise that those two should be parted by his agency.

The lawyer shrugged his shoulders deprecatingly. "I did not tell you that the parting should take place within any given time," he said; "but it shall go hard with me if I do not keep my promise sooner or later."

He had indeed not been idle. The wicked work which he had set himself to do had progressed considerably. It was he who always contrived, in a subtle manner, to remind Gilbert Sinclair of his wife's coldness toward himself, and to hint at her affection for another, while seeming to praise and defend her. Throughout their acquaintance his wealthy client had treated him with a selfish indifference and a cool, unconscious insolence that had galled him to the quick, and he took a malicious pleasure in the discomfiture which Sinclair had brought upon himself by his marriage. When the Sinclairs returned to London, some months after the birth of the child, James Wyatt contrived to make himself more than ever necessary to Gilbert, who had taken to play higher than of old, and who now spent four evenings out of the six lawful days at a notorious whist club, sitting at the card table till the morning sun shone through the chinks in the shutters. Mr. Wyatt was a member of the same club, but too cautious a player for the set which Gilbert now affected.

"That fellow is going to the bad in every way," the lawyer said to himself. "If Clara Walsingham wants to see him ruined she is likely to have her wish without any direct interference of mine."

The state of affairs in Park Lane was indeed far from satisfactory. Gilbert had grown tired of playing the indulgent husband, and the inherent brutality of his nature had on more than one occasion displayed itself in angry disputes with his wife, whose will he now seemed to take a pleasure in thwarting, even in trifles. He complained of her present extravagance, with insolent reference to the poverty of her girlhood, and asked savagely if she thought his fortune could stand forever against her expensive follies.

"I don't think my follies are so likely to exhaust your income as your increasing taste for horse-racing, Gilbert," she answered, coolly. "What is to be the cost of these racing stables you are building near Newmarket? I heard you, and that dreadful man your trainer, talking of the tan gallop the other day, and it seemed to me altogether rather an expensive affair, especially as your horses have such a knack of getting beaten. It is most gentleman-like of you to remind me of my poverty. Yes, I was very poor in my girlhood—and very happy."

"And since you've married me you've been miserable. Pleasant, upon my soul! You'd have married that fellow Cyprian Davenant and lived in a ten-roomed house in the suburbs, with a maid-of-all-work, and called that happiness, I suppose!"

"If I had married Sir Cyprian Davenant I should at least have been the wife of a gentleman," replied Constance.

This was not the first time that Gilbert had mentioned Cyprian Davenant of late. A report of the missing travelers had appeared in one of the newspapers, and their friends began to hope for their safe return. Gilbert Sinclair brooded over this probable return in a savage frame of mind, but did not communicate his thoughts on the subject to his usual confidant, Mr. Wyatt, who thereupon opined that those thoughts were more than ordinarily bitter.

Before the London season was over Mr. Sinclair had occasion to attend a rather insignificant meeting in Yorkshire where a two-year-old filly, from which he expected great things in the future, was to try her strength in a handicap race. He came home by way of Newmarket, where he spent a few days pleasantly enough in the supervision of his new buildings, and he had been absent altogether a week when he returned to Park Lane.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when he drove up to his own house in a hansom. He found his wife in the drawing-room occupied with several visitors, among whom appeared a tall figure which he remembered only too well, Sir Cyprian Davenant, bronzed with travel, and looking handsomer than when he left London.

Gilbert stood at gaze for a moment, confounded by the surprise, and then went through the ceremony of hand-shaking with his wife's guests in an awkward, embarrassed manner.

Constance received him with her usual coldness, and he felt himself altogether at a disadvantage in the presence of the man he feared and hated. He seated himself, however, determined to see the end of this obnoxious visit, and remained moodily silent until the callers had dropped off one by one, Sir Cyprian among the earliest departures.

Gilbert turned savagely upon his wife directly the room was clear.

"So your old favorite has lost no time in renewing his intimacy with you," he said. "I came home at rather an awkward moment, I fancy."

"I did not perceive any particular awkwardness in your return," his wife answered, coolly, "unless it was your own manner to my friends, which was a little calculated to give them the idea that you scarcely felt at home in your own house."

"There was some one here who seemed a little too much at home, Mrs. Sinclair—some one who will find my presence a good deal more awkward if I should happen to find him here again. In plain words, I forbid you to receive Sir Cyprian Davenant in my house."

"I can no more close my doors upon Sir Cyprian Davenant than on any other visitor," replied Constance, "and I do not choose to insult an old friend of my family for the gratification of your senseless jealousy."

"Then you mean to defy me?"

"There is no question of defiance. I shall do what I consider right, without reference to this absurd fancy of yours. Sir Cyprian is not very likely to call upon me again, unless you cultivate his acquaintance."

"I am not very likely to do that," Gilbert answered, savagely. His wife's quiet defiance baffled him, and he could find nothing more to say for himself. But this jealousy of Sir Cyprian was in no manner abated by Constance's self-possession. He remembered the fainting fit in the morning-room at Davenant, and he was determined to find some means of punishing her for her secret preference for this man. An ugly notion flashed across his mind by-and-by, as he saw her with her child lying in her lap, bending over the infant with a look of supreme affection.

"She can find love for every thing in the world except me," he said to himself, bitterly. He had ceased to care for the child after the first month or so of its existence, being inclined to resent its sex as a personal injury, and disliking his wife's devotion to the infant, which seemed to make her indifference to himself all the more obvious.

He left the house when Constance went out for her daily drive in the park, and strolled in the same direction, caring very little where he went upon this particular afternoon. The Lady's Mile was thronged with carriages, and there was a block at the corner when Gilbert took his place listlessly among the loungers who were lolling over the rails. He nodded to the men he knew, and answered briefly enough to some friendly inquiries about his luck in Yorkshire.

"The filly ran well enough," he said, "but I doubt if she's got stay enough for the Chester."

"Oh, of course you want to keep her dark, Sinclair. I heard she was a flyer, though."

Mr. Sinclair did not pursue the conversation. The carriages moved on for a few paces, at the instigation of a pompous mounted policeman, and then stopped again, leaving a quiet little brougham exactly in front of Gilbert Sinclair. The occupant of the brougham was Mrs. Walsingham. The stoppage brought her so close to Gilbert that it was impossible to avoid some kind of greeting. The widow's handsome face paled as she recognized Gilbert, and then, with a sudden impulse, she held out her hand. It was the first time they had met since that unpleasant interview in Half-

Moon Street. The opportunity was very gratifying to Mrs. Walsingham. She had most ardently desired to see how Gilbert supported his new position, to see for herself how far Mr. Wyatt's account of him might be credited. She put on the propitiatory manner of a woman who has forgiven all past wrongs.

"Why do you never come to see me?" she asked.

"I scarcely thought you would care to receive me, after what you said when we last met," he replied, rather embarrassed by her easy way of treating the situation.

"Let that be forgotten. It is not fair to remember what a woman says when she is in a passion. I think you expressed a wish that we might be friends after your marriage, and I was too angry to accept that proof of your regard as I should have done. I have grown wiser with the passage of time, and, believe me, I am still your friend."

There was a softness in her tone which flattered and touched Gilbert Sinclair. It contrasted so sharply with the cool contempt he had of late suffered at the hands of his wife. He remembered how this woman had loved him; and he asked himself what good he had gained by his marriage with Constance Clanyarde, except the empty triumph of an alliance with a family of superior rank to his own, and the vain delight of marrying an acknowledged beauty.

Before Mrs. Walsingham's brougham had moved on, he had promised to look in upon her that evening, and at ten o'clock he was seated in the familiar drawing-room, telling her his domestic wrongs, and freely confessing that his marriage had been a failure. Little by little she beguiled him into telling her these things, and played her part of adviser and consoler with exquisite tact, not once allowing him to perceive the pleasure his confession afforded her. He spoke of his child without the faintest expression of affection, and laughed bitterly as he described his wife's devotion to her infant.

"I thought as a woman of fashion she would have given herself very little trouble about the baby," he said, "but she continues to find time for maternal raptures in spite of her incessant visiting. I have told her that she is killing herself, and the doctors tell her pretty much the same; but she will have her own way."

"She would suffer frightfully if the child were to die," said Mrs. Walsingham.

"Suffer! Yes, I was thinking of that this afternoon when she was engaged in her baby worship. She would take my death coolly enough, I have no doubt; but I believe the loss of that child would kill her."

Long after Gilbert Sinclair had left her that night Clara Walsingham sat brooding over all that he had told her upon the subject of his domestic life.

"And so he has found out what it is to have a wife who does not care for him," she said to herself. "He has gratified his fancy for a lovely face, and is paying a heavy price for his conquest. And I am to leave all my hopes of revenge to James Wyatt, and am to reward his services by marrying him. No, no, Mr. Wyatt; it was all very well to promise that in the day of my despair. I see my way to something better than that now. The loss of her child would kill her, would it? And her death would bring Gilbert back to me, I think. His loveless marriage has taught him the value of a woman's affection."

[to be continued.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

In view of the much reduced appropriation made by Congress for the prosecution of Lieutenant Wheeler's survey during the present year, the scale of operations hitherto maintained will necessarily be curtailed, although it is hoped that, notwithstanding this and the late period at which the field can be taken, reasonable progress will be made in accomplishing the objects of the survey.

It is proposed to divide the work into two sections, one working in California and the other in Colorado. The first will extend its labors into Nevada and cover a portion of the region south of that traversed by Mr. Clarence King, and along the line of the Central Pacific Railroad. The Colorado section will operate from west of Los Animos, on the Arkansas River, as a point of departure, principally in New Mexico, while a small party will conclude some of the connections necessary to establish a scheme of triangulation over the parts of Colorado occupied in 1873, 1874, and 1875, and mark the initial points at the extremities of measured and developed bases and the outlying triangles necessary to complete the same.

While the season will be short, still very good work may be accomplished, in connection with that performed in other years, in filling out unoccupied portions and developing a scheme of triangulation, especially southward along the valley of the Rio Grande, in the direction of Western Texas, and in portions of the Sierras of Northern California.

The number of parties to be engaged will be six, in charge of the following officers: Lieutenants Bergland, Tillman, and Leach, of the Corps of Engineers, and Lieutenants Morrison, Birnie, and Macomb, of the line of the army, besides a special party under Lieutenant Wheeler's supervision, attached to the California section. The following civilian assistants will be engaged: Dr. Kampf, Messrs. Thompson, Maxson, Nell, Spiller, Carpenter, and Cowles, for topographical work; Mr. Conkling in geology; Mr. H. W. Henshaw in ornithology and other branches of natural history. It is also hoped that Professor Joseph Le Comte, of the University of California, will be able during a portion of his vacation to carry on studies in portions of the area south of the Central Pacific Railroad. A number of recorders, some of whom have been engaged on the survey several seasons, will be employed. It is gratifying to know that the supply and good condition of the instruments and material, as well as the animals and other means of transportation, usually involving a large annual expense, will permit, with the limited appropriations granted by Congress at this session, of the prosecution of so much work in the field.

The topographical and geological maps, material for which has been gathered in former seasons, will be hastened to completion so far as means will allow; and of the seven quarto volumes intended to completely summarize the scientific labors of the survey up to the close of the season of 1874, four are in the hands of the printer, and the plates are progressing as rapidly as circumstances will permit.

The question of the poisonous properties of fuchsine, now so extensively used as a dye, as also for coloring wines, has been a subject of much contention by chemists and toxicologists. It is now quite generally accepted that when chemically pure it is harmless, being dangerous only when containing foreign impurities. This conclusion has quite recently been reached by Poisson, who fed rabbits in successive doses with pills of this substance, chemically pure, without producing any apparent injury. On killing the rabbits the viscera were all brightly colored a violet-red, but no inflammation or lesion was appreciable in any part.

Among the various methods employed most successfully in France to prevent the ravages of the phylloxera, is the application of the sulpho-carbonates as originally suggested by M. Dumas. The sulpho-carbonate of potash has been experimented with most generally, and it is maintained that in addition to the destruction of the pest, it serves as a valuable manure to the plants, greatly increasing their vigor. More recently sulpho-carbonates of sodium and of barium have been tested, the former proving to be in every respect equal in efficacy to the potassium salt. In some respects it was found that the salt of barium was even better than the other, as it is quite reasonable in price, and as a mineral manure its action is much slower and more permanent than that of the other.

Advices from the German Siberian expedition under Dr. Finsch have been received up to the 31st of May, having been transmitted from Lepsa and Saissan. During the period of their stay in the Ala-Tau and in the Tarbagatai mountains many collections of interesting specimens were made. The number, although few, from the Ala-Tau are supposed to be new for the most part. Some interesting specimens of mammals were obtained, among them two wild horses.

The travelers at the time of their report had journeyed from Urdschar and Bagti to the village of Dschugutschak, and entered the precincts of the Russian post of Saissan. From this point they were to proceed on the Kara Irtish to Lake Zaisan, and thence over the Steppe of Toki to Lake Marka Kul, in the Altaï, at the height of 5000 feet. This they were to ascend, and then proceed to Barnaul. Their safe arrival has just been announced, on the 22d of June. A telegram of the 2d of July announced their arrival at Tomsk.

In addition to the German expedition to Siberia for the purpose of carrying on a natural history exploration, we may mention that of a Swedish party, consisting of Lieutenant Sandberg and Johannes Semsen, who visit the White Sea. Some Russian parties were also engaged in the exploration of the Gulf of Onega. Some of these have photographic apparatus with them, which will doubtless be used to good advantage.

As the result of an examination of atmospheric dust, the mineral residuum from the melting of snow, etc., with special reference to iron in the atmosphere, Mr. Yung remarks that this metal, in appreciable quantity, occurs in the dust accumulated in old buildings during a long period of time, and is usually of a globular form, showing that it has been formed at a high temperature. The iron as found in melted snow is much more irregular in shape, and is more abundant in proportion when the snow is collected at the lower levels. Mr. Yung has not been able to establish the occurrence of iodine in snow-water, as claimed by other experimenters.

The eighth annual report of the Fish Commissioners of the State of New York, for the year ending December 31, 1875, has just been published. In regard to shad, it is stated that nearly four and a half millions of young fish were turned loose into the Hudson River; and the yield of mature shad shows a fair increase in the number and a very decided effect upon the price, large fish being readily procured in New York and in the towns of the State for twenty to twenty-five cents each—a rate which had not been known for twenty years previous.

The Commissioners continue their complaints of the violation of the law by fishermen, and state that the yield would otherwise have been very much greater. They urge that no fishing shall be done from Saturday night until Monday morning, and that the raising of all nets fastened to stakes be insisted upon during that period.

In reference to shad deposited in the tributaries of Lake Ontario, they remark that full-grown fish of marketable size have frequently been taken, and that in all probability the supply would be abundant but for the destruction wrought by the eel weirs, which they consider among the most injurious agencies in interfering with the successful prosecution of the work. Indeed, according to the report, the shad artificially introduced in Lake Ontario have multiplied until now they amount to millions, and the fishermen think that if they continue to increase as they have done, the fish will be so abundant as not to repay them for their labor.

The Commissioners report that 304,000 California salmon, received from the United States Fish Commission, have been distributed during the year. They also detail the result of experiments in regard to the artificial hatching of sturgeon, which were successfully made by Mr. Seth Green. The eggs are sticky, as in the perch, and required some peculiar manipulation for their treatment, and a special apparatus was devised for the purpose, which it is thought will accomplish the object. The time of growth proved to be a hundred hours, in water at a temperature of from 67° to 74°.

The Commissioners continue to call attention to the destructive influences of fish weirs and other agencies, and invoke legislation for their regulation, if not for their entire prohibition.

The report contains the statistics of the hatching of shad, as also the distribution of fish from the State hatching house, and concludes with a general summary of the history of fish-cultural operations in other States.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

In 1861 the "Delmonico Brothers" rented for fifteen years the house in Fourteenth Street which has become so famous as a restaurant. The recent closing of this establishment is an event which touches thousands of citizens of New York in a very tender spot. They affectionately remember delightful dinners and suppers, served with that consummate skill and artistic taste which have rendered the name of Delmonico of world-wide repute; and they query whether the removal of the firm to quarters "further up town" will not interfere with the ease with which they have been accustomed to slip in and take a cozy lunch. But in New York the tendency of progress is not only "onward," but "upward;" and with far-seeing eye, the famous caterer to the public taste wisely establishes himself in a locality of rapidly increasing popularity. The commodious building on the south side of Twenty-sixth Street, extending from Broadway to Fifth Avenue, has been leased for ten years at an annual rental of $35,000. It is elegantly finished and furnished, nothing being lacking in all its appointments. There is a café conveniently located on the ground-floor of the Broadway side; handsome dining and supper rooms of varying sizes; a restaurant and dining-room on the Fifth Avenue side; an elegant ball-room; and a few magnificent apartments for single gentlemen are on the fourth floor. The kitchen—the hidden source of so much enjoyment—is complete in every detail, and arranged in the most systematic manner. About twenty cooks will devote themselves to the skillful preparation of tempting viands. Fifty waiters will serve the hungry epicures who resort to the restaurant, and the whole number of employés in the house is not far from two hundred. The first of the "Delmonico Brothers" came to this country about the year 1825, and in 1827 the first Delmonico restaurant was opened in a small house in William Street. From this unpretending beginning has grown up the most extensive and successful business of its kind in the whole country.

A Massachusetts physician attributes the prevalence of diphtheria in his vicinity to the common practice of turning down the wicks of kerosene lamps too low. Possibly. The odor is vile enough to engender some disease. But what causes diphtheria where gas is used?

A curious will was recently presented for probate at the Orphans' Court in Baltimore. It purported to be the last will of one John Robinson, who lately died in that city, and read as follows: "Bro Andrew, I make you my Exeter, you give Samuel, pay him for his liftim 300 hundred, and let it run During her lifetime, excepts getts married. Br James gets eqeal to yours except my wach, you ware her, which you leve and love to your—John Kno."

This is the way they manage locomotives in California: An old lady of that State refused to allow a railroad corporation to lay rails through her property. The track-layers took advantage of Sunday—a day on which she could not appeal to the courts—and put down the rails. She was outwitted, but not defeated. When the locomotive came along over the branch line, she took up a position on the track, and would not stir. The locomotive backed out and left her at her post.

Somebody says that salmon is the best fish for brain material. Very likely. No fish tastes better.

When Desmoulins, the celebrated French physician, was dying, he was surrounded by the most distinguished medical men of Paris, who lamented the great loss about to be sustained by the profession. But Desmoulins cheerfully assured them that he left behind three physicians much greater than himself. Each anxiously inquired to whom he referred, hoping to hear his own name mentioned. The dying man replied, "They are Water, Exercise, and Diet. Call in the service of the first freely, of the second regularly, and the third moderately. Follow this advice, and you may well dispense with my aid. Living, I could do nothing without them; and dying, I shall not be missed if you make friends of these, my faithful coadjutors."

Early settlers at Saratoga had no occasion to use baking powder. They mixed their biscuit with Congress water, and that made them light and puffy.

An exchange remarks: "Imprudence in eating, drinking, and overwork will have its natural result there [in Philadelphia] as elsewhere; but the visitor who takes care of himself is as safe in Philadelphia as at home."

From recent records of the Health Board in Philadelphia it appears that the general health of the city has been uncommonly good this fall, and notwithstanding the large increase of population, the death rate has been less than last year. Typhoid fever is the only disease more prevalent than last year; and undue exposure and irregular and imprudent modes of living are sufficient to account for the increase.

A California journal makes some comparisons between French and native wines, stating that while France produces a vast quantity of very superior wine, California produces a great deal of wine of medium quality, which is superior to *ordinary* French wines. In the north and northwest of France the grape crop is not thoroughly ripened, and the wine made is therefore sour, and if sent to foreign markets, must be sweetened and otherwise prepared in order to be sold. California grapes ripen sufficiently to furnish the color and sweetness required, so that there is little inducement to adulterate it.

The people of Switzerland are letter-writers. They carry on an annual correspondence equivalent to twenty-three letters for each person. In the United States the proportion is nineteen letters to one person.

An excellent quality of sirup is said to be made from the juice of water-melons, of rich, fruity flavor, and pleasant to the taste. Nine gallons of juice produce one of sirup.

Many prominent citizens of New York are availing themselves of the help and suggestions of the Board of Health in regard to their dwellings and their surroundings. An inspection of residences reveals very universally defective house drainage. The result of imperfect drainage and sewerage is seen in the prevalence of diphtheria and fevers, especially in the warmer months. These afflictions are by no means confined to the poorer quarters of the city, where tenement-houses abound, although, of course, they are more prevalent in such localities. But an efficient system of drainage throughout the entire city would cause a marked decrease in the annual mortality.

"Old Abe," the war eagle of Wisconsin, continues to attract much attention in Agricultural Hall. Sitting on his perch near the fountain, he gazes with supreme indifference upon the curious crowd that gather around his keeper. "Old Abe" himself will not allow the slightest liberty to be taken with his person. He is maintained by the State of Wisconsin, a regular appropriation being made every year for this purpose by the Legislature.

Only a short time ago two children were playing in a room by themselves in their home at Jersey City. Suddenly the mother heard the report of a pistol, and rushing into the room, found the little girl, eight years old, profusely bleeding, and the terrified little boy, only five years old, clutching a revolver. He had found it in a bureau drawer, and had taken it to play with—a warning to his elders.

Accidents are constantly occurring from the peach, banana, and other fruit skins that are carelessly thrown upon the sidewalks. Such carelessness should be made a misdemeanor.

In the fall of 1874 a Pennsylvania farmer buried some apples in the ground, and they were forgotten. Last fall, while burying other apples, these were discovered, and put into a dry cellar, where they have been kept in a good condition ever since.

The following curious incident, related by the Cleveland *Herald*, shows how packages are sometimes lost in the mail: About four years ago a registered package, valued at fifty dollars, was mailed at Lindenville to a post-office in Pennsylvania. It disappeared, and all search for it was unavailing. Lindenville is a country post-office, and the mail is carried thence to Williamsfield by a route agent. In this case the Lindenville postmaster had a receipt for the package from the agent, but as the agent had none from the Williamsfield postmaster, it could be traced no further, and the route agent was compelled to pay the loss. A short time ago the package was found in the Williamsfield post-office. It had been received from the route agent in a small pouch, together with about forty letters, and as the pouch was an extra one only occasionally used, it was by mistake hung upon a hook near the postmaster's desk, and there having been no use for it since, it had been there all these years. Recently the pouch was taken down for use, and its contents found intact.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"Mister, I say, I don't suppose you don't know of nobody what don't want to hire nobody to do nothing, don't you?" The answer was, "Yes, I don't."

A Connecticut editor, in winding up a most touching obituary article, said to the mourning friends: "Be comforted, ye sorrowing ones; there is still a balm in Gilead." The next morning he read: "Be comforted, ye snoring ones; there is still a barn in Guildford."

"My dear doctor," said a lady, "I suffer a great deal with my eyes." "Be patient, madam," he replied; "you would probably suffer a great deal more without them."

"It was a popular notion of the ancients," said a showman, "that this 'ere animal, as we call a leopard, can't change his spots; but it's now known that he sleeps in one spot one night and in another spot another night, and is continually a-changin' his spots."

A humorous and beautiful young lady being asked by her mamma where she was going, said she was going to practice archery with an Irish beau and arrah.

A lady from the country, who has lately become a resident of the city, was very much troubled at her son's long absence from home the other evening. A neighbor calling, suggested that the boy had gone to see the elephant. "Ah!" said the mother, with a sigh of relief; "why didn't he tell me? I have no objections to his seeing the elephant, and didn't even know it was in town."

Did the man who plowed the sea, and afterward planted his feet on his native soil, ever harvest the crops?

"I understand you make very good cider?" "Yaw," said the Dutchman; "Hans, my poy, go pring a mugful." Hans soon returned with a mug brimming full, and handed it to the Dutchman, who drained it to the bottom at one draught; then turning to his astonished visitor, said, "Dere now, if you dosh not dink dat ish goot cider, yoost schmell of te mug."

"This is really the tour [tower] of Babel," as the old bachelor said when he walked round the nursery.

"I sympathize sincerely with your grief," said a French lady to a recently widowed friend. "To lose such a husband as yours—" "Ah, yes, he was very good. And then, you see, such a misfortune is always great, for one knows what kind of a husband one has lost, but can not tell what kind of a man one will find to succeed him."

"Our children will have immense tax on their hands," said a gentleman. "Oh, horrible!" exclaimed an elderly lady: "what a blessing we have nails on ours!"

A paper encourages the young by the example of a "youth who formerly lived in a hovel; yet with only his two hands and a crow-bar opened a jewelry store; and now he is living in a large stone residence in Sing Sing."

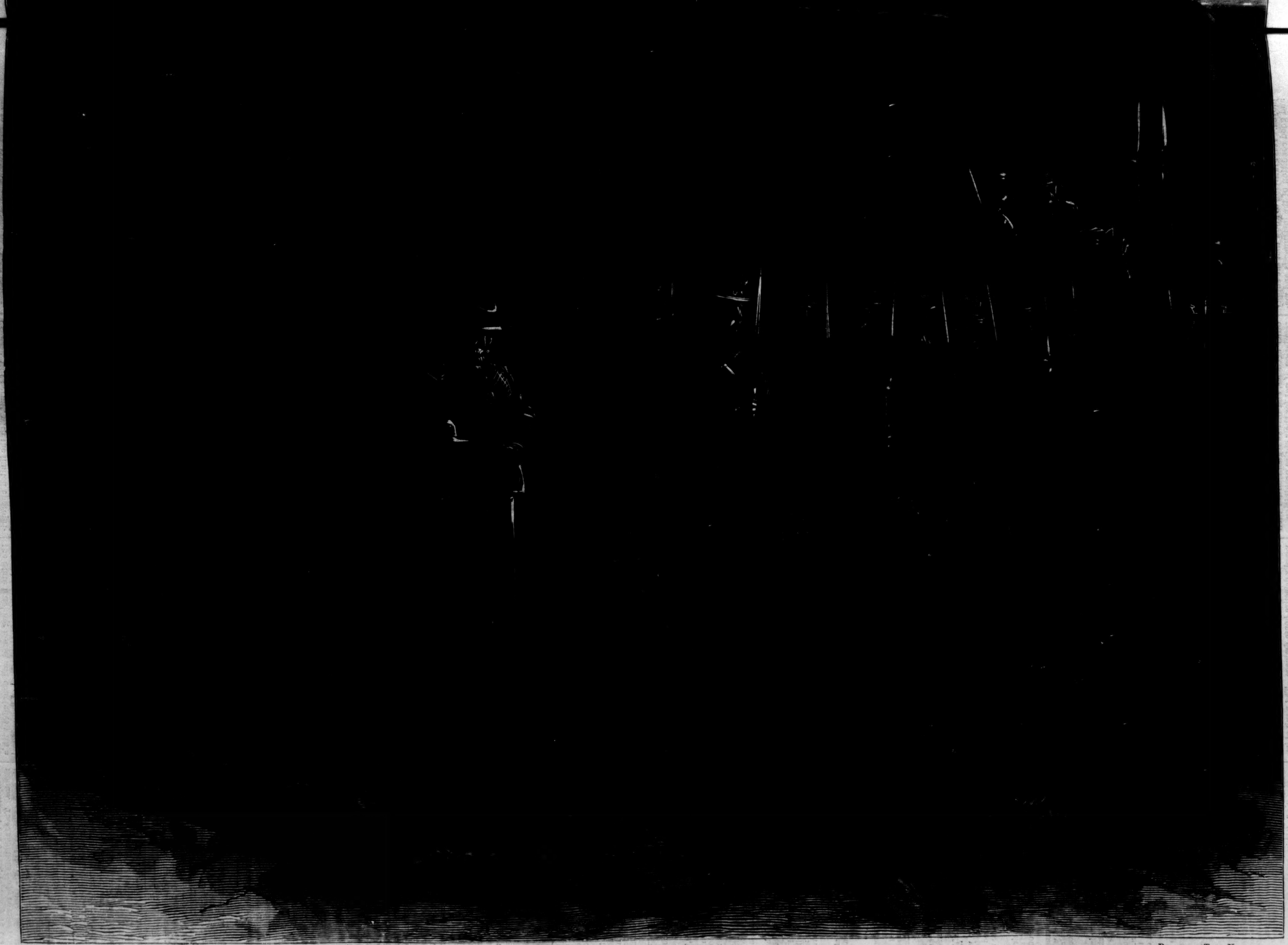
"Ladies, without distinction of sex," are invited to a mass-meeting at Dublin, with a generosity characteristic of the noble Hibernian.

"Hark! I hear an angel sing," sang a young man in an outside township school exhibition. "No, 'taint," shouted an old farmer, in one of the back seats; "it's only my old mule that's hitched outside." The young man broke down and quit.

They went fishing. She looked languidly at him and said, "I wish the fish would bite at your hook. If I was a fish *I* would."

"I'll take the shine out of you," as the eclipse said to the moon.

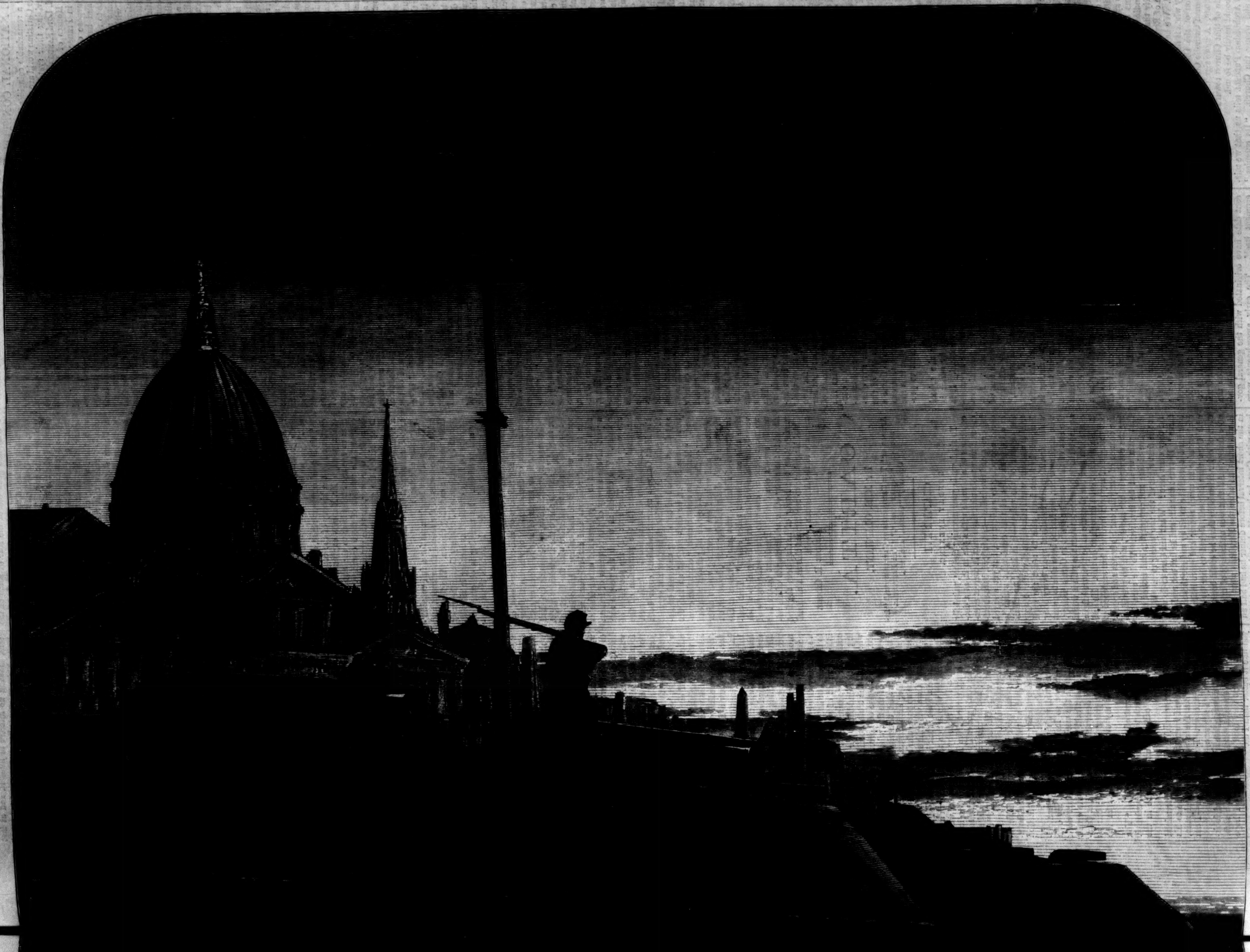
A literary gentleman, wishing to be undisturbed one day, instructed his Irish servant to admit no one, and if any one should inquire for him, to give him an equivocal answer. Night came, and the gentleman proceeded to interrogate Pat as to his visitors. "Did any one call?" "Yes, Sir; wan gintleman." "What did he say?" "He axed was yer honor in." "Well, what did you tell him?" "Sure I gave him a quivikle answer jist." "How was that?" "I axed him was his grandmother a monkey."



Drawn by Thos. Nast.

HOLD THE FORT.

THE SPIRIT OF THE WAR REVIVED. THE WAR WAS NOT, AND SHALL NOT BE, A FAILURE.



THE SCHOOL AMENDMENT TO THE NATIONAL CONSTITUTION.

By a remarkable coincidence the great nations of the Christian world are simultaneously engaged in revising their systems of education. In England, Lord Sandon's Compulsory Bill has passed both Houses of Parliament, and will become a law; in France, M. Waddington has announced his purpose of revising the common-school system, and has failed only by a few votes in the Senate to recover the exclusive power of the state to grant academic degrees; Germany has legislated with swift decision in vindication of the educational rights of the state; and the Italian ministers will soon lay before the Chamber of Deputies a bill for the more perfect schooling of the common people. In the United States there prevails a universal conviction that our entrance upon a second century of national life should be signalized by some constitutional measure for the protection of our common schools. This conviction has found expression in the amendment which almost unanimously passed the House of Representatives, and only failed in the Senate from lack of time for its full consideration.

The several forms of amendment considered by Congress have been modeled upon Mr. Blaine's draft, rather than that of Mr. Stewart, of Nevada. They agree in forbidding the control of State school money, no matter how raised, by any religious sect, and the division of such money among religious sects or denominations. Mr. Stewart's amendment is of broader scope. It requires every State to maintain a free-school system, under penalty (in the event of failure to do so) of having such a system established by Congress at the expense of the delinquent. This draft of amendment agrees substantially with the recommendation made by President Grant in his last Annual Message, but the objections to the interference of Congress with State administration are very serious. If it were adopted, it would perhaps require the national government to undertake more than it can thoroughly execute. The injunctions of the Constitution hitherto laid upon the States have been prohibitory rather than mandatory—have dwelt more upon what the States should *not* do than upon what they should do. Of this kind are those contained in the tenth section of the first article, in relation to a State's entering into alliances, granting letters of marque, coining money, etc., and the recent Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth amendments. The needed coercion in case of the disregard of these prohibitions can be applied either through the courts or by means of the army and navy. But a direct and safe method of compelling a State to maintain a free-school system has not yet been shown. And yet it is most desirable that there should be such a requirement. When we consider how many States are yet to be formed out of our national domain; how uncertain we must be of the character of their future populations; what a mass of ignorance, without a complete system of public schools, the nation must carry—we may well ask if by some constitutional device the certainty of the education of the children in every State can not be assured. It will not be for our common health if the living and the dead are chained together. We have been taught by extreme suffering that the institutions of the States must be homogeneous, and we hardly need a repetition of the lesson.

According to the United States census of 1870, the total population of the country, of ten years of age and over, was at that time 28,228,945. Of this total 4,528,945 could not read; 5,658,144 could not write.[*] Between one-sixth and one-seventh of these twenty-eight millions were, therefore, illiterates. When we take up single States in which illiteracy greatly prevails, the showing is worse. In Alabama 54 per cent. of the population, of ten years and over, are illiterates; in Arkansas, 39 per cent.; in Florida, 54 per cent.; in Mississippi, 53 per cent.; in North Carolina, 51 per cent.; in South Carolina, 57 per cent.; in Tennessee, 40 per cent. The story which the census tells us is, however, still more startling when it relates to the number of illiterate male adults, of twenty-one years and over, in the States here named. Let it be remembered that these adult males are voters—the depositaries of as large a share of State and national sovereignty as is held by the same number of intelligent men. In Alabama the proportion of illiterate male adults to the whole number of male adults is 53 per cent.; in Arkansas, 23 per cent.; in Florida and Georgia, 51 per cent.; in Louisiana, 50 per cent.; in Mississippi, 51 per cent.; in North Carolina, 46 per cent.; in South Carolina, 56 per cent.; in Virginia, 46 per cent. That is to say, there are enough illiterates in some of these States to carry an election, and enough in all to make intelligent decisions by the people very doubtful. What a fearful prospect this array of facts opens before the country, it is not necessary to point out. The figures are sufficiently suggestive without the aid of rhetoric.

The census, however, represents no more than the *vis inertiæ* of ignorance which we must by some means overcome. It measures for us the bulk and weight of the burden which the intelligence of the country must carry. We have also to take account of the organized opposition to public schools—an opposition which, on the one hand, denounces the whole system of State education, and on the other, aims to make it tributary to denominational aggrandizement. It is against the latter form of hostility that the amendments voted upon by the House of Representatives and the Senate are directed. We have reached a point in our national history when it has become necessary for the Constitution of the United States to take notice of the Roman Catholic Church by an addition to its provisions. A more significant illustration of the attitude of that Church toward American institutions could hardly be found.

But Archbishop Purcell tells us that we misjudge and wrong the Church. "Its enemies," he writes, in his declaration to the people of the United States, "assert that the bishops and clergy are hostile to the public schools of the country, and are leagued together to destroy them. Americans! read our declaration, and learn our *true* sentiments." If the Catholic bishops and priests are not hostile to our schools, how are we to account for the wide-spread debate which has filled our ears with its din? The American people would not engage in a gratuitous defense of their system of State education, and no other assailant of importance than the Church has appeared. Have the defenders of the schools been mystified, and have they supposed an enemy where really there was none? The opinion that the Church is hostile to the public schools possesses scholars, jurists, and statesmen, and has found expression in State laws and State constitutional amendments. Yet this venerable archbishop tells us that such an opinion is a delusion. Last winter one of his episcopal colleagues, Bishop M'Quaid, of Rochester, addressed the people of Boston, by express invitation, on the common-school question, and presented, as far as appeared, authoritatively, the opinion of the Catholic hierarchy in the United States. He contradicts Archbishop Purcell at every point. He does not ask that Catholics may be let alone to establish schools representing their faith, but assails the State school system, as unjust to Catholics, with all the resources of his logic. Hear him: "The Catholic wants to know why his right to have schools for his children in which the tone of thought shall be Catholic is not as valid as the right of evangelicals and secularists to have schools for their children in which the tone of thought shall be evangelical or indifferent to any religion. It must not be lost sight of in this argument *that our rights go where our money goes. A Catholic's money goes into the schools, and his rights go with it.*" Here is a distinct assertion that the Catholic has a right to public-school money raised by taxation, and a demand of the money. But why spend time in adducing proof of a fact which is as clear as the shining of the sun? Archbishop Purcell should remember that intelligent people in this country read Catholic newspapers, Catholic sermons, when printed, and Catholic pastorals and episcopal addresses.

There is, however, on record one expression of Catholic opposition to our public schools which is remarkable for its comprehensiveness. It appeared about seven years ago in the *American Educational Monthly*, and is an able and apparently conscientious statement of the reasons of Catholic opposition to a State school system. "Catholics know," writes this essayist, "by painful experience that history can not be compiled, travels written, poetry, oratory, or romance inflicted upon a credulous public, without the stereotyped assaults upon the doctrines, discipline, and historical life of their Church. From Walter Scott to 'Peter Parley,' and from Hume, Gibbon, and Macaulay to the mechanical compilers of cheap school literature, it is the same story, told a thousand times oftener than it is refuted; so that the English language, for the last two centuries, may be said, without exaggeration, to have waged war against the Catholic Church." This is a stronger statement than most Protestants would care to make, but coming from a Catholic source, it may be accepted as entirely honest. It means that the repugnance expressed so freely by the Catholics of our country is not so much to the use of the Bible in the public schools, not so much to the State school system, as to English literature itself. Fully to satisfy the Catholic conscience, it will be necessary to blot the highest achievements of that literature, in the last two hundred years, out of existence. The examples of heroic endurance in the pursuit of freedom with which we stimulate the best impulses of our youth must be hidden from their eyes. When the Church declares that for two hundred years the English language has been her foe, she means that down to the very roots of their thinking and feeling she antagonizes the peoples of the Anglo-Saxon stock. Such a confession lets in a flood of light upon the common-school controversy, and is proof that any compromise between the parties to it is out of the question. The elements out of which to frame a reconciliation do not exist. The most that can be hoped for is a *modus vivendi*, and that it is the object of the constitutional amendment to provide.

There is one objection made to the school amendment by the Catholic hierarchy which is more specious than those already noticed. It is that such an amendment will promote an excessive concentration of power in the general government, and will thereby endanger liberty. Perhaps the fullest statement of this view is that of Bishop Gibbons, of Richmond: "The constitutional amendment regarding the school question," says this prelate, "recommended by President Grant, if carried out would reduce our American republic to the condition of things existing in pagan Rome. In the old Roman Empire the individual was absorbed by the state, which was a political Juggernaut, crushing under its wheels all personal liberty. In those days the citizen had no individuality, but was counted only as a part and parcel of that vast and complicated machinery called the state. The most crushing of all despotisms is that of a centralized government." Possibly the outcry of "centralization" may trouble some non-Catholic citizens, but there is no reason why it should. There are a few facts which refute this objection wholly. One is that all the amendments hitherto made to the National Constitution have been in the interest of liberty, and have been designed to provide liberty with more perfect safeguards. It is remarkable, however, that the early constitutional amendments were imposed by the States on the national government, but that those of more recent date have originated with the general government itself. The early amendments were proposed before the Constitution had fairly had a trial, and grew out of the fear of some of the States that the central power would encroach upon the rights of the citizen. Practically, however, the Constitution has worked in precisely the opposite way. The general government has proved to be the surest guardian of freedom, and in the late war protected it against the encroachments of vicious State institutions. It is to the honor of Mr. Madison, who had so much to do with the framing of our organic law, that he clearly foresaw this result. The objection that a Union stronger than the old Confederation would be dangerous to liberty was often heard in his day, and in the Convention of 1787 he met it thus:

> "Guards are more necessary against the encroachments of the State governments on the general government than of the latter on the former. The great objection made against the abolition of the State governments is that the general government can not extend its care to all the minute objects which fall under the cognizance of the local jurisdictions. The objection as stated lies not against the probable abuse of the general power, but against the imperfect use that can be made of it throughout so great an extent of country, and over so great a variety of objects. Were it practicable for the general government to extend its care to every requisite object without the co-operation of the State governments, the people would not be less free as members of one great republic than as members of thirteen small ones. Supposing, therefore, a tendency in the general government to absorb the State governments, no fatal consequences could result."

This is good common-sense, and has been fully confirmed by the history of the country. In another passage Mr. Madison expresses a willingness to see the States bear to the national government the relation of mere counties. It may be added, moreover, that the general government is appointed the guardian of the States, in that the obligation is laid upon it to guarantee to them a republican form of government. What is the school amendment but a method of making that guarantee effectual?

Time will now be given us for a full consideration of the terms of the school amendment, and these need to be carefully chosen. The form reported by the Senate's Judiciary Committee may perhaps be fairly criticised as lacking in simplicity and precision. Its meaning is obscured by the multiplicity of words. It forbids the appropriation of public money to the "support of any school, educational, or other institution under the control of any religious or anti-religious sect, organization, or denomination, or wherein the particular creed or tenets of any religious or anti-religious sect, organization, or denomination shall be taught." In this shape the amendment might be so construed as to interfere with the liberty of teaching, even in State institutions. Historically the tenets of religious and anti-religious sects must be taught in all colleges and universities as a part of the survey of the progress of human opinion. The objects at which the people aim are very clear. They are: (1) the provision of universal education; (2) the protection of the State schools from denominational interference. President Grant's recommendations cover both these points. And although he does not suggest any direct method of enforcing universal education by the States, he does suggest an indirect one. "Make," he recommends, "education compulsory so far as to deprive all persons who can not read and write from becoming voters after the year 1890, disfranchising none, however, on the ground of illiteracy who may be voters at the time this amendment takes effect." That universal compulsory education is the goal to which we must come, no one who studies the course of public events can doubt. President Grant has added to the many other achievements of his administration the honor of having been the first Chief Magistrate to recommend this as a national measure to the American people.

George R. Crooks.

CARITÀ.

By MRS. OLIPHANT,

Author of "The Chronicles of Carlingford," "Innocent," "Squire Arden," "The Perpetual Curate," "Ombra," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

SUNDAY EVENING.

To sit down in your morning clothes, painfully conscious of a blue tie with a pin in it, at a decorous dinner table with three men in correct evening dress, and two ladies—not, indeed, bare-shouldered according to ancient use, but yet arrayed in all the niceties of that demi-toilet which is the despair of the vulgar—is in itself no small trial to a sensitive and thin-skinned youth. Roger Burchell had not been able to resist the spell which Mrs. Meredith exercised upon every body who came near her, nor had he been able to count the cost of that evening spent in Cara's society, and to strike a balance between the pain it would cause him and the pleasure to be procured from it. He was not calm enough to do this. He had not thought of any pain involved, but snatched at the chance of carrying out his hopes and spending the evening in her society, with no prevision that pain would be involved. To be sure, instinctive dislike and repugnance had moved him at the first sight of the two young men. What did they want here? What had Cara to do with them? But that was all; and he had not realized how hard it would be to sit by and see these natural enemies so much nearer and more intimate with Cara than himself, linked to her by ties even of older friendship than he could boast of, poor fellow. All that was unthought-of misery. It was true that after the Merediths went away in the short interval before dinner he had half an hour with Cara by herself; but she asked him questions about his aunts and about his little sisters, showing no interest in himself, and at last begged him to excuse her, as she must get ready for dinner. Even then he did not know how dark his fate was to be. But he could not get ready for dinner. He looked at himself in the glass, and at his blue tie which he had thought so well of in the morning. The best that any one would say for poor Roger was that he looked like a respectable mechanic in his Sunday costume, and the consciousness of this impressed itself upon his own mind for the first time. Yes, the long glass in the glimmering half-lighted drawing-room showed him his own image as no glass at home had ever done—like an engineer in his Sunday clothes, one of his practical "mates" in the workshop, who showed him how to make boilers and screws, and asked him for beer—exactly like one of them. While this latter thought was in his mind, Cara came softly into the room in her white dress, the most perfect dainty creature, tearing poor Roger's heart in two. How unlike she was to himself in his blue tie! He felt as if he could never leave her, and yet wished himself with his aunt in Notting Hill; for what had he to do here?

The dinner was not, perhaps, the abundant meal which Roger had been used to see on occasions when there was company. There was no huge joint, no pair of visible fowls, with a tongue placed between them, which was his mother's grand dish, but a succession of small matters handed round, which Roger tried to despise. He tried hard to despise every thing—the overdress (as he felt it to be), the flowers on the dainty table, the ready flow of talk. How could these fellows find so much to say? He could have talked to Cara (perhaps) had they been alone together, but to chatter as these fellows did—he could as soon fly, he said to himself. There were no decorous silences, no long pauses, such as he had been used to, but a constant, easy flow of this which, no doubt, they called conversation. It could not be said that he himself added much to this. Now and then, after considerable pondering, he would fire off a remark, but this seldom happened till after the subject had been dismissed by the others, and when it required a polite effort on their parts to make out what he meant; and he found this out with a hot blush of shame as soon as his little speech was made. The only comfort he had was that Cara did not talk very much either; but then she listened with pleased looks while the Meredith family chattered. How they all chattered, mother and sons! Roger did not think they could be quite—he did not know what word to use—not quite— Perfectly respectable people did not, so far as he knew, indulge in such streams of conversation. He felt there was something wrong in so much talk.

And when they went up stairs after dinner it was still worse. Mr. Beresford and the others did not sit over their wine, which Roger would have thought the best thing possible—for he had watched Cara's withdrawal with dismay—had he found themselves satisfactory; but as this was not the case, and he was sure that the only object of the young Merediths in not staying below and drinking themselves stupid was anxiety to be with Cara too, he took their quick move as another sign of depravity. It was new-fashioned, it was un-English, it was almost wicked. He followed up stairs with a protest in his soul. Cara and Mrs. Meredith were sitting together over the fire. They drew a little apart as the others came in, and Mr. Beresford placed himself by the elder lady, and Oswald by Cara. So, Roger said to himself, that was the habitual way in which they arranged themselves—nothing could be more clear flirtation, nothing but flirtation, between the old people and between the young people. It was more than wrong—it was monstrous. He supposed such things did happen in London society, where every thing that was bad happened; but to think of poor little innocent Cara being thrown into the midst of such a set of people! Roger could scarcely command his feelings. After standing about behind-backs for a time with Edward, who, to tell the truth, seemed a little "out of it" too, Roger's sense of horror forced him forward to the front of the fire, where he suddenly placed himself with that temerity of enraged shyness which is bolder than assurance. At all events, there could be no particular conversation between Oswald and Cara while he stood there.

This made a little break in the low-voiced talk. Mrs. Meredith, who sat on the other side in a low chair, with a little table by her elbow, on which stood a lamp, turned from Mr. Beresford to look at him. He could not easily think ill of this soft-smiling lady; but he made an effort, and did so.

"Are you at the University, Mr. Burchell?" she said, smiling upon him.

There was some work lying upon her little table. He jumped at this evidence of Sabbath-breaking and profanity with inward satisfaction as a sign that she must be bad too.

"No," he said, with unnecessary explanatoriness, "I am not so lucky. I have got my own way to make in the world. I have to start work at once. I was afraid you would give me credit for more than I deserved. My brother's at Cambridge, for he is going into the Church; but as for me, I've got my own way to make in the world."

"So have the rest of us," said Oswald. "You must not take such high ground of superiority. We have all got our own way to make in the world."

"That is all very well," said Roger, determined to separate himself from all resemblance to his companions; "but I'm a rough, practical man, not in your elegant way. I'm an engineer—I am going to India. I suppose—"

"And so, I suppose, am I," said Edward, looking, as Roger thought, toward Cara with a sigh. "But I am not very fond of the idea. I hope you like it better than I do."

"Nobody will ask my opinion whether I like it or not," said Roger. He caught a glimpse of himself at this moment in a mirror opposite, and his blue tie seemed to glare at him and force him on. "I shall have to do whatever will make me independent soonest. They've got a number of children at home."

"It is very fine to be independent," said Mrs. Meredith, in her soft way; "or at least so all you boys think. You like to be able to do what you please without reference to your fathers and mothers." She looked at her own boys as she spoke, not at Roger, and even this added to his exasperation. How different they were with this soft mother, whose very look was a caress, from what he was, with all the children at home, and a father and mother whom animosity made impartial, and who had few prejudices in Roger's favor! Poor boy! his heart swelled with a sense of his disadvantages; and naturally he did all he could to make them show the more.

"Independence don't mean that sort of thing to me," he said; "it is taking the expense of me off my father, that's what they think of. I must get my own living as soon as I can, that is what it means; and if it is not a very good living, so much the worse for me. No one else will pay much attention. Whether one does what one likes or does what one must makes all the difference—"

"That is spoken like a philosopher," said Mr. Beresford, who had been looking at the young bear thus making uncouth noises of self-assertion with distasteful amusement, "but you must recollect that very few of us have the privilege of doing what we like. When we get this advantage it is generally when we cease to prize it, when we should be thankful to go back to the *must*, and be under force again."

Under other circumstances Roger could only have been respectful of Cara's father, but he was otherwise inspired now, and ready to defy even that most privileged of mortals. "So you people say, Sir," he said, with a rough show of respect, "who have things all your own way. So long as you don't know what it is to be under force of circumstances, I suppose it seems rather fine than otherwise to do your duty, though you don't like it. I have thought that myself now and again. It looks self-denying and all that; but if it's true, as people say, that you do best what you like best, I don't see the good of self-denial in that way."

"I agree with Mr. Burchell," said Oswald; "but I go further. What is the good of self-denial in any way? It always involves unkindness to somebody. Nature gives you a beautiful day, for instance, and you turn your back upon her and work. What could be more unkind and ungrateful? Or Cara says to me, 'Come out and play croquet in the Square—'"

"I hate croquet," cried Cara, indignantly. "I never did such a thing in my life; besides, it is winter, and I could not play croquet if I liked it ever so much."

"What does it matter about details? I use the word croquet as a symbol—or my mother requires my attendance upon her somewhere. Then the rest of the world turn round and call me idle. Self-denial is a disagreeable quality, Cara. Let us avoid it. At the best it is only extracting merit out of necessity, for nobody denies himself except when he's obliged to do so."

"Sybarite!" said Mrs. Meredith, shaking her head at her son, and then she turned to talk to Mr. Beresford, and the four young people were left to themselves.

"Sit down, Roger," said Cara; "why should you stand up there as if you were defying the world? You are all quite wrong. It is not self-denial to do what you are forced to do. When you give up any thing of your own free-will because it is right, then, perhaps—"

"Only perhaps, Cara? Don't take away the little satisfaction one has in doing a thing that is disagreeable. Look here," said Edward, suddenly seating himself in the vacant place by her which Roger had neglected to take, "going to India is very disagreeable to me. I think I could do just as well at home. My feeling is all against it. I might, perhaps, make more money there; but money is not every thing. There is no necessity that I can see, one way or another—but my mother wishes it—that is to say, my mother thinks my father would like it."

Roger looked quickly at Mrs. Meredith. "Is there a father?" he said to himself, with a mental whistle of astonishment, to which he dared not give audible utterance. "Whew!" and the astute young man immediately leaped to the suspicion that there was something wrong.

"I thought—it was Oswald—whom Mr. Meredith wanted—"

Oswald laughed. "Have you not found out, Cara, that Oswald is an individual?" he said. "If Ned likes to be knocked about the world according to other people's fancies, that is his affair. I don't. Yes, it was Oswald that was wanted; but I never was a man for competitive examinations: my ideas don't run in that channel, so I dropped my mantle upon my brother. Oh, he will have compensation. He will be a Member of Council, while I am only a briefless barrister; he will move princes about like chess-men, while I have no influence with any one but a stray editor. Ned will be the great man of the family—what, you don't approve of me! You would rather Ned staid at home than I?"

Cara had given him a very young girl's most emphatic sign of disapproval. She turned her shoulder upon him, and averted her head. Poor Roger looked on with a burning heart, seeing the two brothers, one on each side of her, contending, as it seemed, for her approbation. The fact that there were two seemed to shut him out more and more. He was indignant, disappointed, wounded. He said to himself in his heart every ill thing he could think of against this strange house. First, the Sunday dinner party—even though he had himself condoned it by becoming one of the guests; second, the work left on the table, which he felt sure the mistress of the house was quite capable of taking up, although restrained by his presence from actually doing so. Then the separation of the family—the father in India, the mother here. What a house for Cara to be thrown into! What an example for her! A woman who lived apart from her husband and yet asked people to dinner could not be a proper woman to have the charge of Cara. Of course she was just the sort of person to encourage a girl in flirting, to put evil into her head. These were the thoughts that kept burning and scorching the brain of poor Roger as he stood before the fire in this strange house, the people on either side of him so much engaged with each other, and he so completely left out. Why did he come here to make himself unhappy? Why build such foolish hopes upon this day? His aunt at Notting Hill would have been a much better companion, a great deal kinder; and she would be wondering now what had become of him, or thinking, perhaps, that he was enjoying himself. Strange enjoyment! He made a distinct pause in his thoughts to realize her, but he made no sort of movement to go away, which was the only thing he could do to relieve her anxiety. She would wonder if he meant to come back; if he was going to stay all night; or if he had gone off straight from his friend's house to catch the train. There were not all the usual trains on Sunday nights, and this would perplex her, poor lady, still more. All this passed through his mind, and he was very uncomfortable. Yet he made no attempt to go away.

"Roger," said Cara, getting up suddenly, for she felt herself embarrassed on her side, and was glad of a way of escape, "are you going back to the College to-night?"

Her question chimed in with his thoughts, but he did not reply in the way that would have seemed most in keeping with those thoughts. "It does not matter," he said; "I think I shall go down by the first train to-morrow." As soon as he felt her soft eyes upon him the foolish young fellow thought that all must go well.

"If I were you I would go to-night," she said; "you will be obliged to get up so early, and it is so dark in the mornings. You never used to like getting up—" Roger felt the light and the warmth coming back to him, flooding him round and round.

"I don't mind now," he said. "It does not matter. To-night is better than to-morrow," which was an incoherent utterance that Cara could not understand.

"Have you been enjoying it, then? I was afraid you did not like them," said Cara, very low, so that no one could hear but himself. Then Roger glowed with sudden kindness, and felt ready to embrace the whole party.

"It is only my bad manners," he said. "Oh, Cara, have I been making myself disagreeable? You know they always go on at me about my manners at home."

"Your manners are well enough," she said, with a serious look. "I thought you were not—pleased. Come, then, and sit down and talk with the rest; they are more like you than they are like me. You ought to be friends, for you are all—boys. A girl has less to say to them. And then Edward is going to India too—"

"I would rather talk to you; but I will do whatever you like, Cara."

"Yes; but do it, then," she said, with a smile, and leaving him *planté là*, she went over to the other side of the fire, and sat down under the shadow of Mrs. Meredith, from whence she looked across placidly at the three whom she had abandoned. Mrs. Meredith smiled upon Cara, putting out her hand caressingly to lay it upon the girl's shoulder. They made a pretty group. But Mr. Beresford, who was leaning over the little table, talking earnestly, did not care for the interruption. A slight cloud came over his face when his daughter came within hearing. He finished what he was saying quickly, and then was silent. It had not been intended for her ear. Whereas on the other side of the room the young men looked at each other in a kind of armed truce, and a moment of dead silence elapsed, the first that had occurred since they came into the room, in the midst of which Mrs. Meredith was heard saying, "I fear you are not amusing yourself, Cara. Are the boys disagreeable? Go and sing something for us. I like your soft little voice on Sunday night. Sing me the 'Angels;' that suits you best."

"Just what I was going to suggest," said Oswald, getting up and going to the piano to open it for her. It was in the back part of the room, which was but partially lighted. Both the others, in their different ways, bestowed a private benediction on Oswald, who was more ready than either of them. They sat looking wistfully into the dimness, listening to Cara's soft voice, which rose out of it like a bird's. "Angels, ever bright and fair," she sang, looking herself that little white vision, only half visible, like any thing angelic or fairy-like which the imagination chose to select. Roger listened with his heart full. But for the apparition of that other figure beside him, behind her, who stood keeping time with an involuntary movement of his head and hand in a way which tempted even his brother to blaspheme, Roger's heart would have run over with a soft ecstasy. He had never heard Cara sing before, except in her school-girl days. As for the other two, the elder pair, Mr. Beresford's countenance cleared, and he resumed his talk, and Mrs. Meredith once more gave him her whole attention, while Edward and Roger lounged on easy-chairs and stared into the back drawing-room. They did not address nor take any notice of each other, but gazed blankly at Cara, who, having one attendant, evidently wanted none of them. When she had come to an end of that song, Mrs. Meredith, though she was to all appearance absorbed in what Mr. Beresford was saying, cast a word over her shoulder to the young performer,

"That was very sweet; thank you, dear. Now sing us something else." And Cara went on.

Roger sat and listened, between misery and rapture. He did not know which predominated. Edward, to whose state of mind no one had any clew, turned over a book, and hummed the air she was singing. Not a word passed between the young men, notwithstanding they were both boys, as Cara had said, both going to India, and with every kind of bond of external resemblance. But Roger did not feel any direct hatred to Edward as he did to the other, who was always thrusting himself forward. And thus an hour passed away. When that was over, Cara rose and said good-night. Then there was a question who was to take her home, which showed as much as his own attitude—reclining tranquilly in his chair—that Mr. Beresford had no idea of going away. Here Roger sprang to the front, for once forestalling Oswald. He took his leave hurriedly, with confused thanks to Mrs. Meredith, and followed Cara closely as she went down stairs, alarmed lest some one might interfere even at the last moment. It was but a few steps, unfortunately, from one door to the other, and though she lingered a moment on the step, wrapping her shawl closely around her, Cara did not ask him to go in.

"It was very kind of you to come," she said, giving him her hand; "and I am afraid you have not enjoyed it, Roger, but you will like them better when you see more of them." She said this as people say so many things, apologetic and otherwise, not because she wanted to apologize for the Merediths, but because she did not know very well what to say.

"I don't think I shall ever like them," said Roger; "but that does not matter. Cara, let me just say one word. I don't think that they are the right kind of people—for you."

"For me!" After the first astonishment Cara laughed. "I did not think you set up for being such a critic. What have they done to make you think ill of them? They have been very kind to you."

"I did not want their kindness," said Roger, hotly; "they are not the kind of people I like to see you with, Cara."

"I think I will say good-night," said Cara, with dignity. "It is cold here, and you have a long walk to Notting Hill. It is a pity you missed your train. Good-night."

She did not so much as look at him, as she turned away and disappeared, the door closing behind her. He had offended her now to make an appropriate finish of this unhappy Sunday! But however cold it might have been to Cara, it was not cold to Roger as he pushed his way at a tremendous pace along the Sunday streets, so much darker than usual on account of the closed shops, and filled with passengers so different from the usual crowd. He would have kept himself warm in Siberia at that pace. His aunt was waiting for him, but half disposed to give up her watch, and wondering what had become of him, as he thought she would.

"I am very glad to have you for another night, Roger; but I thought you must have rushed off to catch the train without thinking of your portmanteau," she said; and then she gave him a glass of wine, half proud, half disappointed to hear that he had dined "with his fine friends," and sent him to bed with kind good-nights, for he had to start early in the morning, and no doubt she thought the day had been fatiguing, though so pleasant. She was kinder than Cara; perhaps it would have been better for him if he had not gone to the Square at all, but contented himself with Notting Hill.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

OCTOBER, 1876.

Sunday, 8.—Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 15.—Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Wednesday, 18.—St. Luke.
Sunday, 22.—Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Saturday, 28.—SS. Simon and Jude.
Sunday, 29.—Twentieth Sunday after Trinity.

NOVEMBER.

Wednesday, 1.—All-Saints.
Sunday, 5.—Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 12.—Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 19.—Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 26.—Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity.
Thursday, 30.—St. Andrew.

It is gratifying to find that the religious press of the United States extends a kindly greeting to Professor Huxley, the distinguished advocate of the theory of evolution in the formation of organic bodies. However much his views may be supposed to contradict prevalent religious beliefs, the duty of courtesy to him as a stranger and representative of science is fully recognized. The *Evangelist* of this city says: "We hear that Professor Huxley has enjoyed greatly his visit to this country, where he has been received with the respect due to so distinguished a foreigner. We are very glad of this, for we are not willing to be outdone by our English friends in hospitality. We have no sympathy with those who, like Bishop Coxe, of Buffalo, have felt called upon to denounce our English visitor, as if he were making a hostile invasion of our country. We do not think that the cause of religion is defended or promoted by such an attitude of hostility to men of science, however extreme in their liberal ideas they may be." In the same spirit the *Examiner and Chronicle* expresses the opinion that "there seems to be no good reason why in this free country Mr. Huxley should be tabooed from all society, and treated with great discourtesy because he holds some peculiar scientific views, and his theological opinions are not quite in accordance with the Thirty-nine Articles."

It is to be hoped that the rumors of a protest of several governments of Europe against the intolerance of Spain in the treatment of Protestants are true. A dispatch from Madrid states that an interview with the Spanish Foreign Minister was had by the British embassador, but that nothing came of it. Whether Germany has protested does not yet appear, but it is to be hoped that Germany will. The Spanish Constitution attempts to draw the line between the private and the public practice of Protestant worship, and forbids all non-Catholic forms of faith to reveal themselves by any outward signs. This is made to apply to inoffensive notifications of the purposes for which buildings or offices are used. The government of Alfonso is more reactionary than those which have preceded it since the revolution of 1868, but can be made to feel the force and weight of European public opinion.

The region embraced in New York city and its suburbs has recently met with serious losses in the decease of esteemed ministers. Appropriate mention is made of the Rev. Bishop Janes on another page of this paper. The Rev. George Blagden Bacon, son of the Rev. Dr. Leonard Bacon, of New Haven, and pastor of the Orange Valley Congregational Church, New Jersey, died on September 15, after a lingering illness. Though comparatively young, he had endeared himself to a large circle as a man of independent thought and various culture. In his opinions he was much influenced by the writings of Dr. Horace Bushnell, for whose genius he had conceived a great admiration. Dr. Joseph M'Elroy, for more than fifty years pastor of the Scotch Presbyterian Church of this city, died September 16, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. He was a pupil of Dr. John M. Mason, and an associate of Krebs, Spring, De Witt, and other worthies of the Presbyterian pulpit of the city in the earlier part of the century.

An agreement has finally been made for the purchase of the "Old South Church" in Boston. The amount to be paid is $400,000. It will be converted into a historical museum.

Dr. Noah Porter, the president of Yale College, has written a letter to the editor of the *Christian Mirror*, of Lewiston, Maine, in relation to the morals of the students under his care, which contains an important statement. A newspaper correspondent had spoken disparagingly of the character of the class of 1876. Dr. Porter corrects the misstatement very emphatically, and adds that "the public sentiment of the college, in respect to manners and morals, is steadily improving." This is true, we apprehend, of American colleges generally.

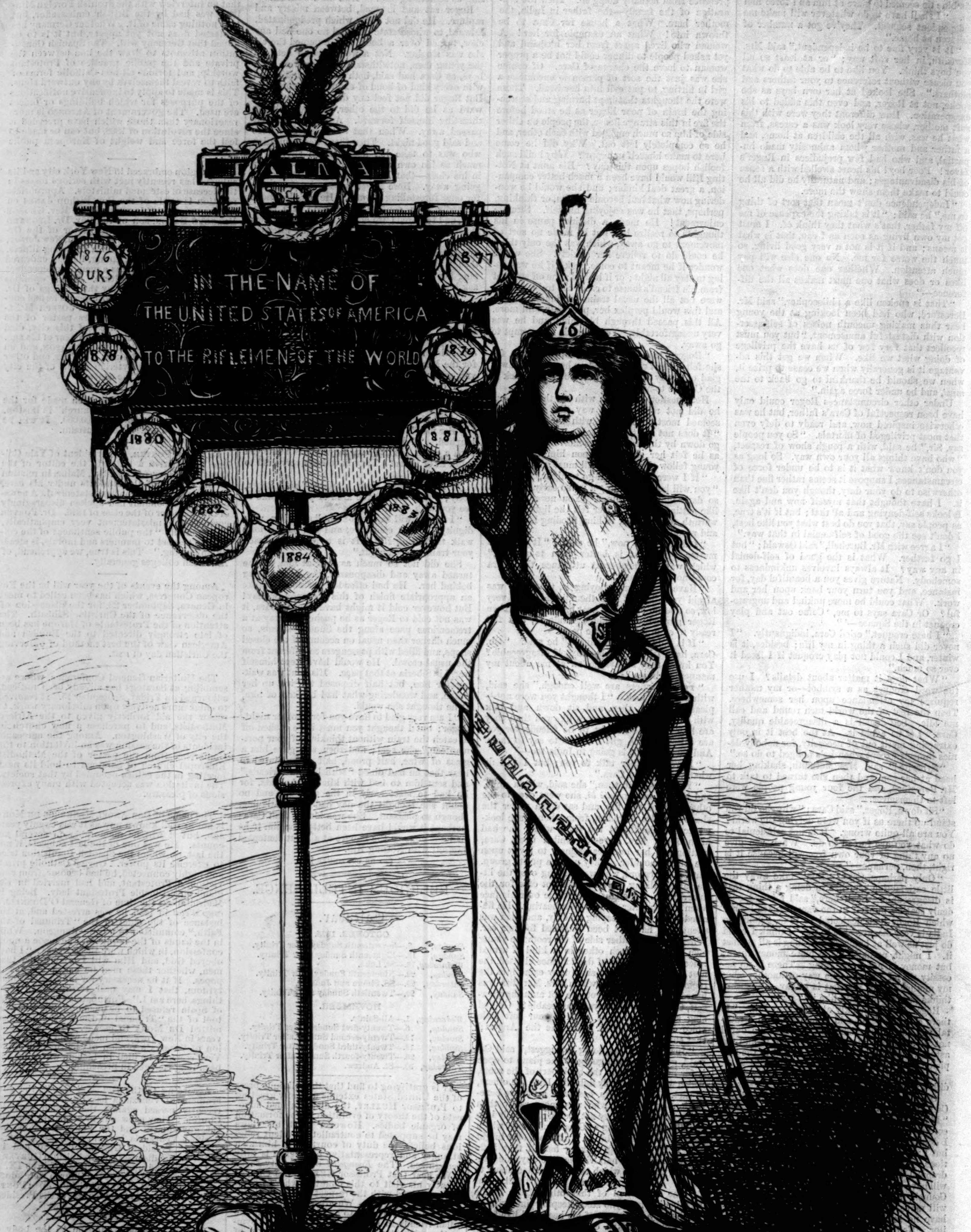
Among the events of the year will be the European Congress, which has been called to meet in Geneva, September 28, for the discussion of the observance of the Christian Sabbath. The attention of the Protestants of Europe has been of late strongly directed to the English and American view of the best method of observing the Christian day of rest.

The Unitarian General Conference, whose assembling at Saratoga has already been noticed, adjourned on Friday, September 15. It resolved to enter more actively upon missionary work, to renew the aid formerly given to the African Methodists, and to purchase a new church in the city of Washington. Among the agreeable incidents of the session was an invitation to the Conference from the pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church of Saratoga to hold its next meeting in the edifice occupied by that society. The invitation was accepted with many expressions of pleasure.

The name of Don Angel Herreros de Mora is not as well known now as it was twenty years ago, but it will be memorable on several accounts. He was one of the last subjects, if not the last, on whom the Spanish Inquisition tried to exercise its power. Once a Catholic priest, and highly connected, he had become, from conviction, a Protestant, and had married in England an estimable Protestant lady. Being in Madrid about the time of General O'Donnell's *coup d'état* in 1856, he was arrested and, at the instance of the chief of the "Tribunal of the Faith," committed to a filthy dungeon. While in the hands of the inquisitors he made a noble confession, in which were these words: "I have obeyed God, and Him will I obey rather than men, whether these men be called bishops or popes. If it be necessary for me to suffer martyrdom, that I may bear testimony to these things, here am I." Fortunately the civil power of Spain refused to be made, in this case, the tool of the "Tribunal of the Faith," and permitted De Mora to escape. He spent some years in New York, and made while here a revision of Valera's version of the Spanish Bible. Very recently he died in Lisbon, where he had been long engaged in preaching.

According to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the government of Venezuela has rescinded the laws recently passed against the Roman Catholic Church. They grew out of a quarrel between the government and the Pope; the Pope has pacified Venezuela by conceding the point in dispute. President Guzman Blanco had insisted on the dismissal of Archbishop Guevara, of Caracas, and upon the refusal of Pius IX. to comply, the laws against the Church were adopted. In June last a new archbishop, José Ponto, was installed, and at the request of the President the Congress repealed them.

A most important addition to the body of missionary information now placed within the reach of intelligent Christians is the *India Missionary Directory and Memorial Volume*, compiled by an American missionary in Hindostan, and published in Lucknow. As a directory, it gives the names of 960 living missionaries in India proper, exclusive of Burmah and Ceylon. The names of 880 retired missionaries and 116 female missionaries are also to be found in the list. In comparing the statistics of 1871 with those of 1875, the directory shows that the increase of foreign missionaries and native ordained agents is eighty-one. The number of native Christians now reported is 266,391, against 224,258 four years ago; the number of communicants is 68,689 in 1875, against 52,816 in 1871. The gain is equal to nearly five per cent. annually.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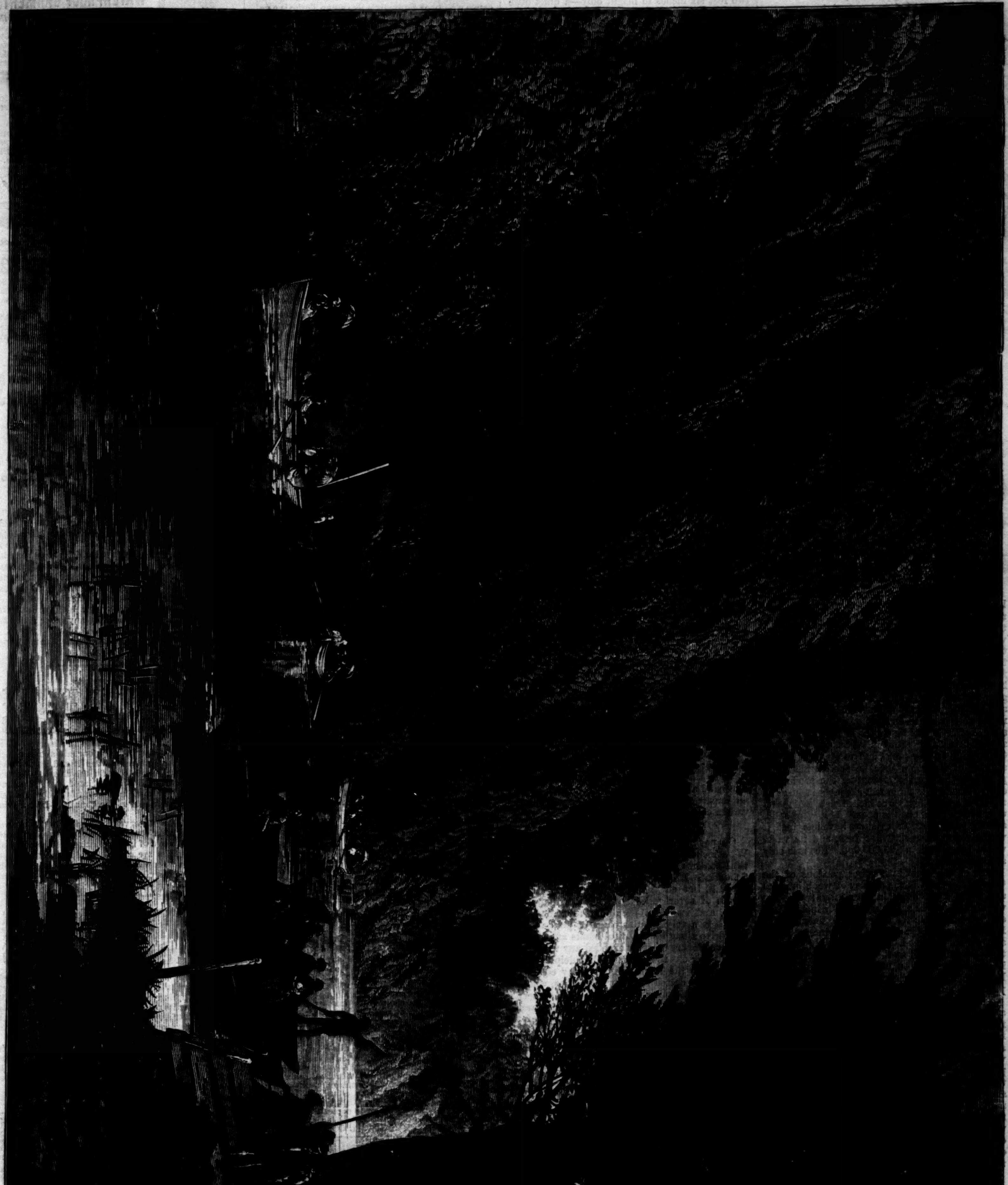
THE CENTENNIAL TROPHY OURS.



THE CENTENNIAL—BOATING ON THE WISSAHICKON.—DRAWN BY GRANVILLE PERKINS.—[SEE PAGE 818.]

A SONG OF THE APPLE.

Oh, the Apple-tree!
The sweet, seducing Apple!
The mystic fruit of Eden's ill and good!
Pale gold and ruddy red, with musky scent,
Like that which blows from some rich continent
Of spice and sandal-wood!

Oh, the Apple-tree!
The fair, provoking Apple,
Which Paris gave to Venus for a prize!
Then did the swart Greek kings in arms combine,
To sing *in deeds* the song of Troy divine,
For Helen's witching eyes.

Oh, the Apple-tree!
The golden-tinted Apples,
Hoarding the sunshine and white dews and rain!
For such great Hercules was wise and brave,
Ulysses longed, and far beyond the grave
Tantalus sighed in vain.

Oh, the Apple-tree!
The sacred, mystic Apples!
The giant, mossy trees, beneath which lie
Woden and Thor, and in Valhalla's fields
Eat ever of the healing fruit which yields
Their immortality!

Oh, the Apple-tree!
The prophesying Apple!
For in his sun-warmed core Love has a creed;
And so in every age youth goes apart,
With eager wishes and a beating heart,
To count its apple seed.

Bend, my Apple-tree,
And give me now my Apple.
Thou sweet revealer, show thy scented core.
I'll drop thy rich brown seeds within my hand,
Slow dropping one by one, to understand
Thy ancient, mystic lore:

One—my Love loves me;
Two—he loves me not;
Three—we shall agree;
Four—I am forgot;
Five—is coming bliss;
Six—Love will not tarry;
Seven—a faithful kiss;
Eight—we're sure to marry.

Oh, wise Apple!
Oh, most learned Apple!
I wonder how thou ever came to know!
Say, wert thou listening on one summer night,
Or didst thou guess? If so, thou guessed aright:
I surely ought to know.

THE CENTENNIAL.

THE QUEENSLAND COURT.

QUEENSLAND, the most northern of the Australian group of British colonies, is very richly represented at the Centennial, especially so in regard to specimens of the gold, tin, copper, and coal which abound in that part of the world. The trophy of refined tin ingots shown in our illustration weighs fully 8000 pounds. Although but few years have elapsed since the discovery of tin in Queensland, at least 10,000 persons are engaged in working the mines in that colony alone, and the yield appears to be inexhaustible. Specimens of the metal as it appears in its natural state, before it has been cast in ingots, are also shown in this department. The gold yield of Queensland is very great, and to give the visitor an idea of its importance, an obelisk has been placed in the court representing the product of eight years. It is three feet six inches square at the base, twenty feet three inches high, and measures fifteen inches at the apex. If it were solid, as some wonder-stricken visitors have imagined, it would weigh over sixty-five tons, and its value would be more than $35,000,000. But it is only a gilded show.

One of the most interesting portions of the Queensland court is the display of wool, in cases and bales, also shown in our illustration. The wool is from three and a half to four inches long, and is remarkable for strength and fineness. It is the product of the Australian merino, a distinct and excellent breed. One fleece weighs over twelve pounds, and as there are 7,000,000 sheep in Queensland and 40,000,000 in Australia, wool has become one of the principal exports of that part of the world.

There is also a fine show of hemp and cotton, although the cost of production prevents the latter from becoming an important industry of the colony. In a small case on the south side of the court silk cocoons of Japanese, European, and Spanish varieties are shown, and the raw silk which they produce. The climate has been found favorable to the silk-worm, and some beautiful scarfs are shown, manufactured from the silk for home use merely, it not having yet risen to the dignity of a national industry. At the north side, near the west entrance to the court, there are specimens of metamorphic, volcanic, and Devonian rocks, quartz, ores, slates, and bows and arrows used by the tribes of aborigines along the northern coast.

At the western entrance to the court there is a trophy consisting of sections of timber, polished on sides and ends, with the bark on, arranged in tiers. The botanical name is upon each, and the common name, with a detailed description of the quality of the wood and its uses. The trophy is surmounted in the centre with bells from Queensland, made of an amalgam of copper and tin (native), and models of casks for tallow, the heads being of pine and the staves of silky oak, made in Brisbane, the capital city. There are also models of sugar hogsheads, heads of pine, staves of silky oak, and hoops of scrub oak, and rum barrels made of Hopewood timber, remarkable for its density. At the back of this trophy is a case containing a magnificent and most brilliant collection of butterflies and moths.

There is also a fine display of agricultural products—wheat, barley, oats, corn, etc.; and on the walls of the court outside are hung illustrated maps of the colony, with the natural divisions, and on the inside are pictures (photographs) painted in oil of scenery in the mining districts, in the cotton fields, sugar plantations, and grazing plains. Tobacco-growing and its manufacture are also shown.

On one stand may be seen a display of skins, specimens being shown of the Australian bear, two feet six inches in height only—a quiet little fellow in whom there is not a shadow of fight. The wallaby skins (species of the kangaroo) are very attractive, as much for the fineness of the fur as the peculiarity of color. The skins are small, a silver-gray color with a dash of brown, and near them are skins of several of the larger species of the jumping kangaroo. The leather shown is remarkable for softness and pliability, made some of it from kangaroo skins, some from kip and goat skins.

Australia is noted for its curious animals, specimens of which may be seen in the Queensland court. Among these are shown the skull and tusk of the dugong, a huge marine animal found on the coral reefs. It is of the seal order, but of immense size, some specimens weighing not less than a ton. It is chiefly valued for the fine medicinal oil it yields. The natives kill it by spearing, and the chase among the tumbling breakers is often exciting. The skull shown in our illustration is seventeen inches long, not measuring the tusks, and eleven inches across. This skull has been secured for the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, where a prepared specimen of the full-grown animal is also on exhibition.

The population of Queensland amounts to only 170,000 souls, but their annual exports are estimated at over $23,000,000—a fact which shows an extraordinary degree of prosperity. Ever since the opening of the Centennial the Queensland court has been one of the chief centres of attraction. The display is unique in character, and admirably arranged with a view to striking effect; while the Commissioner, Mr. ANGUS MACKAY, and his polite assistants are always ready with courteous and intelligent replies to the questions of those who seek for information in regard to the distant colony they represent.

OTHER BRITISH COLONIES.

On the same page with the Queensland sketches our artist gives a number of curious objects from the Cape of Good Hope, the Gold Coast, and New Zealand. One of these objects, the ostrich incubator, requires a few words of explanation. It was invented several years ago by Mr. ARTHUR DOUGLASS, an ostrich farmer of Cape Colony. Through the wholesale destruction of the wild ostrich by hunters, these birds were threatened with extinction—a danger averted by the invention of this machine. It is a large box, divided into compartments, and kept at a certain even temperature by means of a hot-water tank, heated by lamps underneath. The eggs are first placed in drawers, covered with bran, and placed in close contact with the heating apparatus. After a certain period they are removed to small compartments at the top of the machine, where they are left till the birds are hatched out. They are then placed in heated compartments till old enough to take care of themselves. Accompanying the model of this machine are two ostrich eggs and two stuffed ostriches, one two days, the other two weeks, old. Both of these birds were hatched in the incubator. The machine will hold 115 ostrich eggs. Some farmers have large flocks of machine-hatched ostriches; and as the feathers command a large price, the business is becoming an important industry in the African and Australian colonies.

THE WISSAHICKON.

On page 817 our artist gives a view on the Wissahickon, one of the most romantic and beautiful streams in the country. It flows into the Schuylkill River just above the Centennial grounds, but on the opposite side. Its entire length of seven miles is included in Fairmount Park, and its close proximity to Philadelphia makes it a very popular place of public resort. The drive along its beautiful banks affords a variety of scenery scarcely excelled any where else. On any fair day thousands of Philadelphians may be seen on the road with their gay equipages. The river is dotted with rowing parties, who find delight in skimming its waters. The scenery is wild and constantly changing in appearance. During the autumn the brilliant colors of the trees on the hill-sides are gorgeous.

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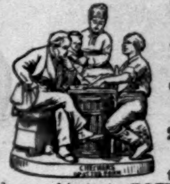

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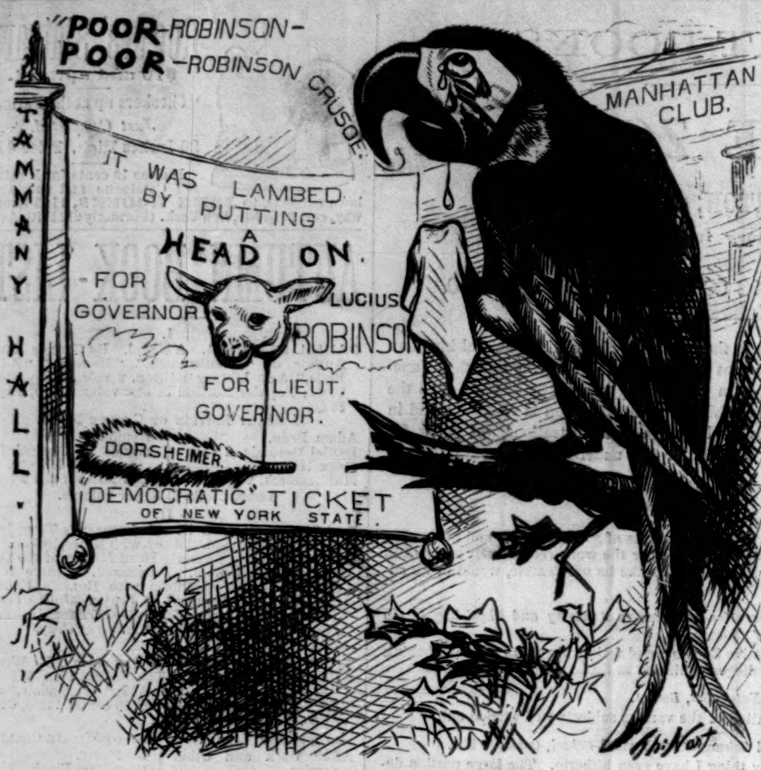
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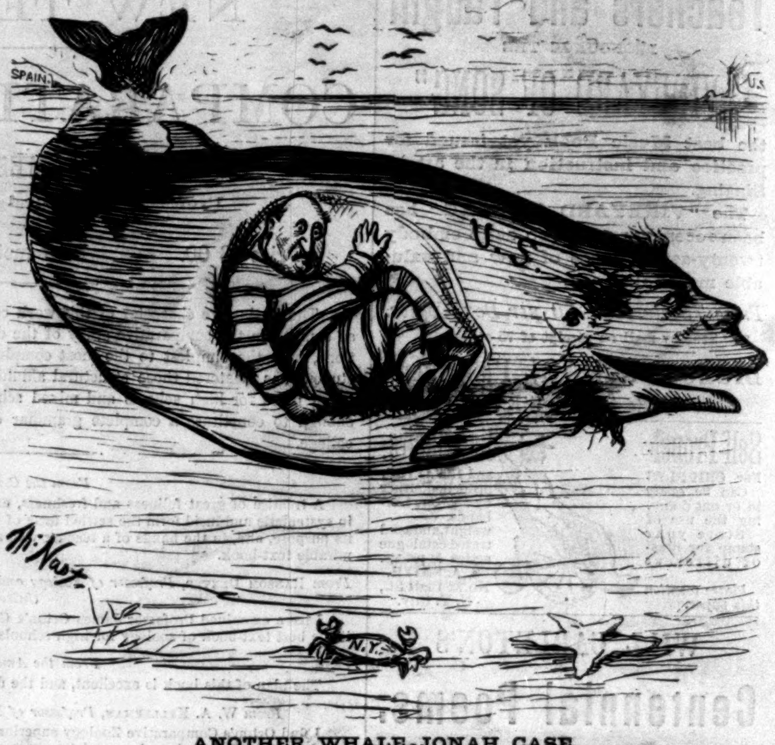

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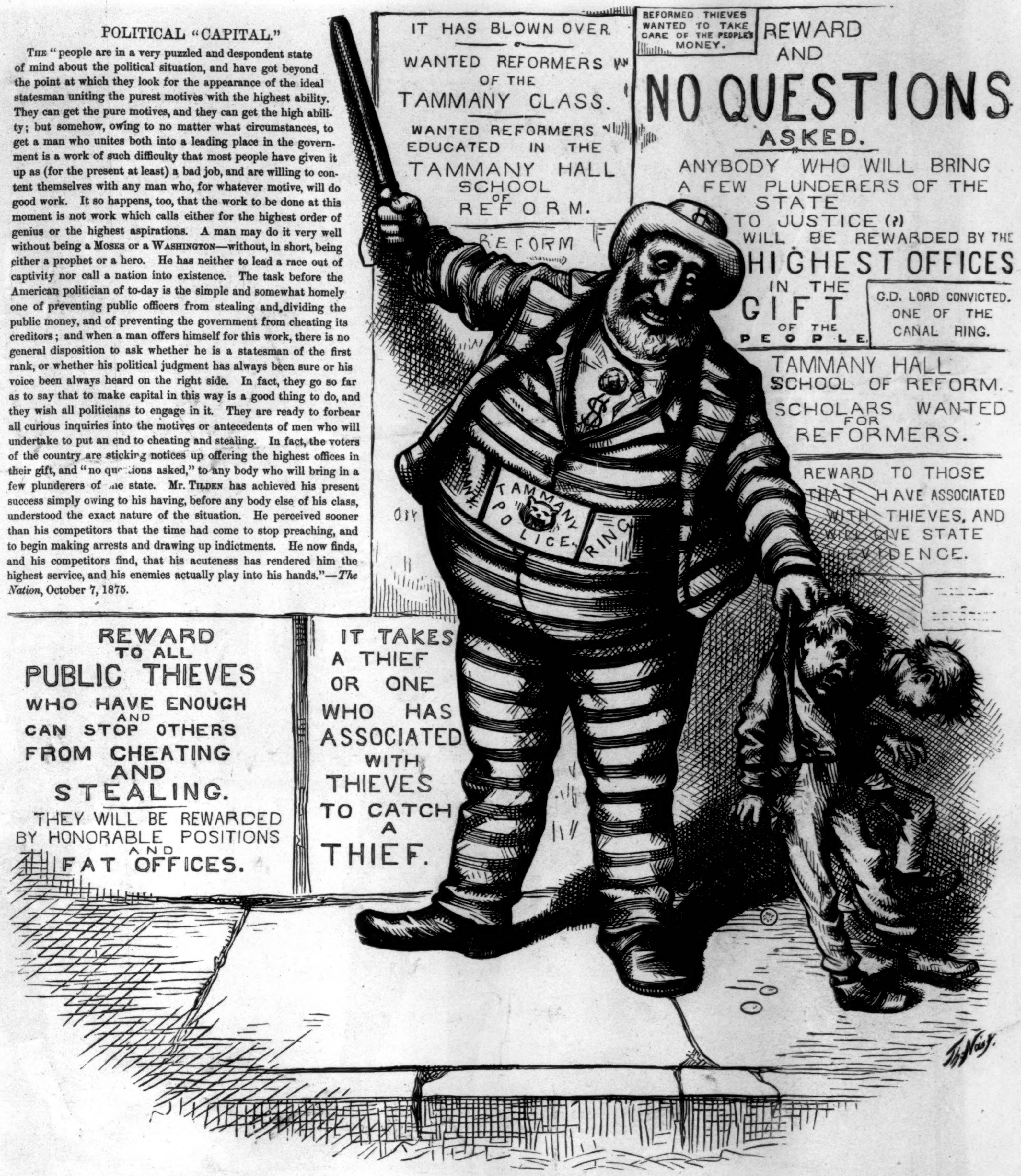
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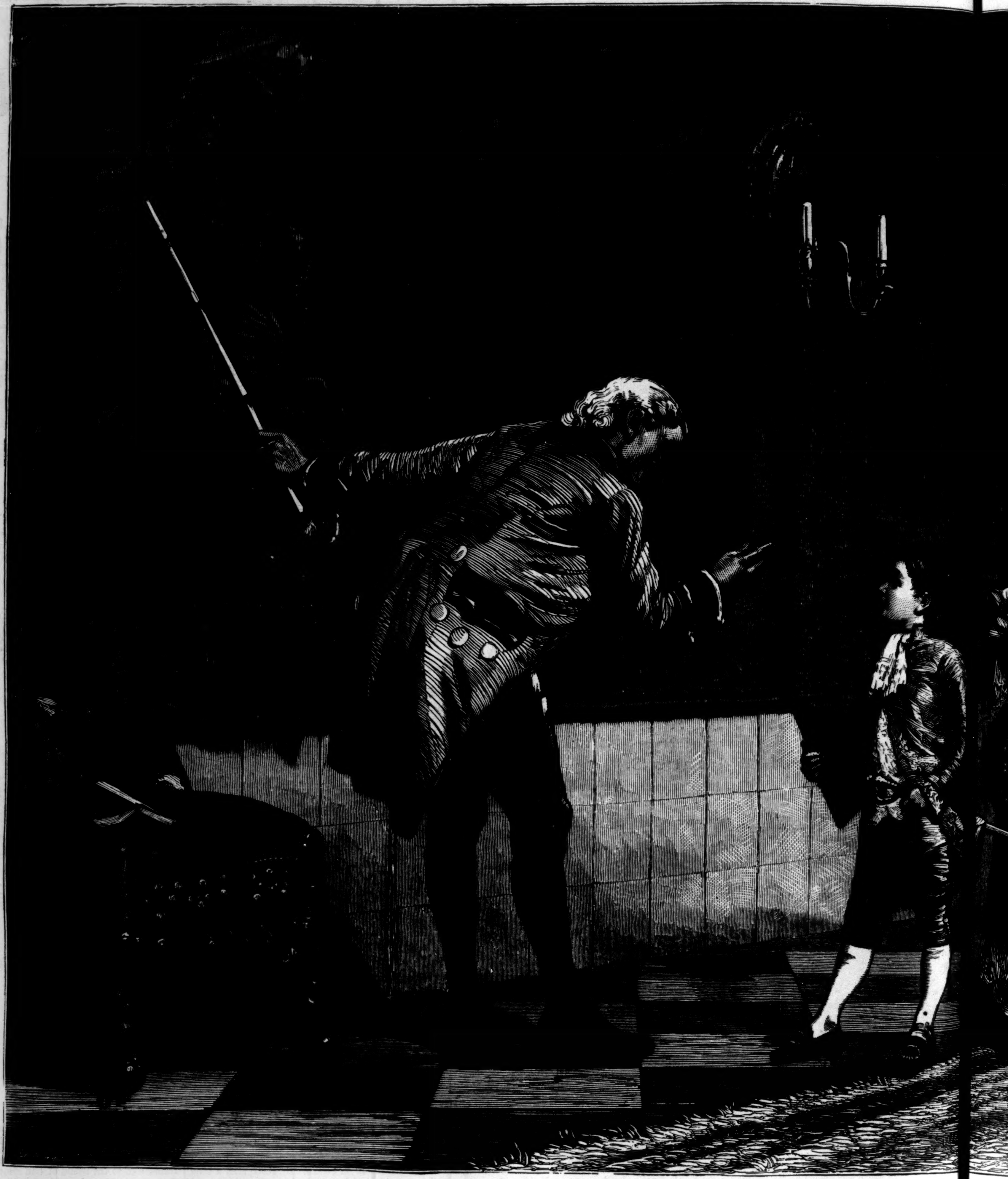
WE reproduce, for the amusement of our readers, Mr. NAST'S admirable cartoon which appeared in *Harper's Weekly* for July 1 of this year, a copy of which was placed by Mr. CUSHING in the hands of the Spanish authorities as a means of identifying the fugitive should he land at a port of Spain. It will be remembered that the first dispatches announced the arrest at the port of Vigo of one "Twid Antelme," on the charge of kidnaping American children—a mistake into which the local authorities were naturally led by Mr. NAST'S cartoon.

According to an account given in the New York *Herald*, TWEED, after his escape from the custody of Sheriff CONNER, was landed on a rocky promontory about ten miles from Santiago de Cuba, by a boat which took him ashore from an American yacht. Here TWEED was discovered by a fisherman, much fatigued and exhausted, and conducted to the city of Santiago. The way was rocky and rough, and TWEED, owing to his weight, experienced much difficulty in walking. He was accompanied by a man called HUNT, who is supposed to have been a coachman for a long time in his service. The "Boss" was terribly sunburned, his face being as brown as a berry and very much blistered. The fisherman who guided the wandering pair received a gold "ounce" for his trouble, and led them not to a hotel, but to police head-quarters. Had they been discovered on the coast by Spanish soldiers, instead of by the fisherman, they would probably have been shot on the spot on suspicion of being American filibusters on their way to "Cuba Libre."

The police authorities, not satisfied with the fisherman's explanation nor with TWEED'S statement that he was an American citizen, sent him and his companion, HUNT, on board a Spanish man-of-war lying in the harbor, and there detained them as prisoners. TWEED, who was traveling under the name of "John Secor," succeeded in obtaining the release of himself and HUNT through the efforts of the United States consul at Santiago, who had no suspicion in regard to his identity, and took up his residence at a hotel, under police surveillance. He there lived very quietly. But meanwhile Consul-General HALL entertained suspicions that there was something wrong about "Secor," in spite of the passport being *en regle*; and TWEED, feeling that he was watched, grew restless, and engaged passage for Spain on the bark *Carmen*, bound for Vigo and Barcelona. The night before his departure, Consul YOUNG telegraphed to Consul-General HALL that "Secor" was WILLIAM M. TWEED. Mr. HALL, after a little unavoidable delay, obtained from Captain-General JOVELLAR an order for his arrest; but the dispatch arrived at Santiago too late to be of service, the *Carmen* having sailed. The authorities at Santiago and Havana were at once made acquainted with the facts in the case, and the news was telegraphed to Madrid. These details were communicated to the *Herald* by a merchant of this city, whose name is not given, with whom "John Secor" corresponded while at Santiago.

TWEED'S movements having been communicated to Mr. CUSHING, the American minister to Spain, he at once made arrangements with the Spanish government for the arrest of the fugitive on the arrival of the *Carmen*. Every precaution was taken to secure his person wherever he might land, and severe orders were given to the local authorities, especially to those of Vigo and the Galician coast. On the 6th of September, after a passage of forty-one days, the *Carmen* hove in sight off Vigo, and was immediately boarded by the Governor of Pontevedra, who at once recognized TWEED from the pictures in his possession. He was still traveling under the name of "Secor." Both he and HUNT were immediately secured, and transferred to the island of San Simon, in Vigo Bay, whence they were subsequently sent to Fort Castro de Vigo, where they were to remain until their departure for Havana, where, it is understood, they are to be delivered to the American authorities. There being no extradition treaty between the United States and Spain, the surrender of TWEED will be simply an act of comity on the part of the Spanish government. The Madrid *Epoca* of September 18, alluding to this fact, says it knows not what judicial course is to be taken by the Spanish authorities in the case. It adds that European governments would desire to see some definite legal arrangement made for dealing with such matters in future.

The Vigo correspondent of the London *Standard* writes, September 13, that TWEED appears to be in good health. He describes him as about sixty years of age, tall and stout, with a gray beard. The prisoners were conducted through the town on foot by carbineers to their quarters in Fort Castro.



"THE ANCESTOR ON THE TAPESTR —[From

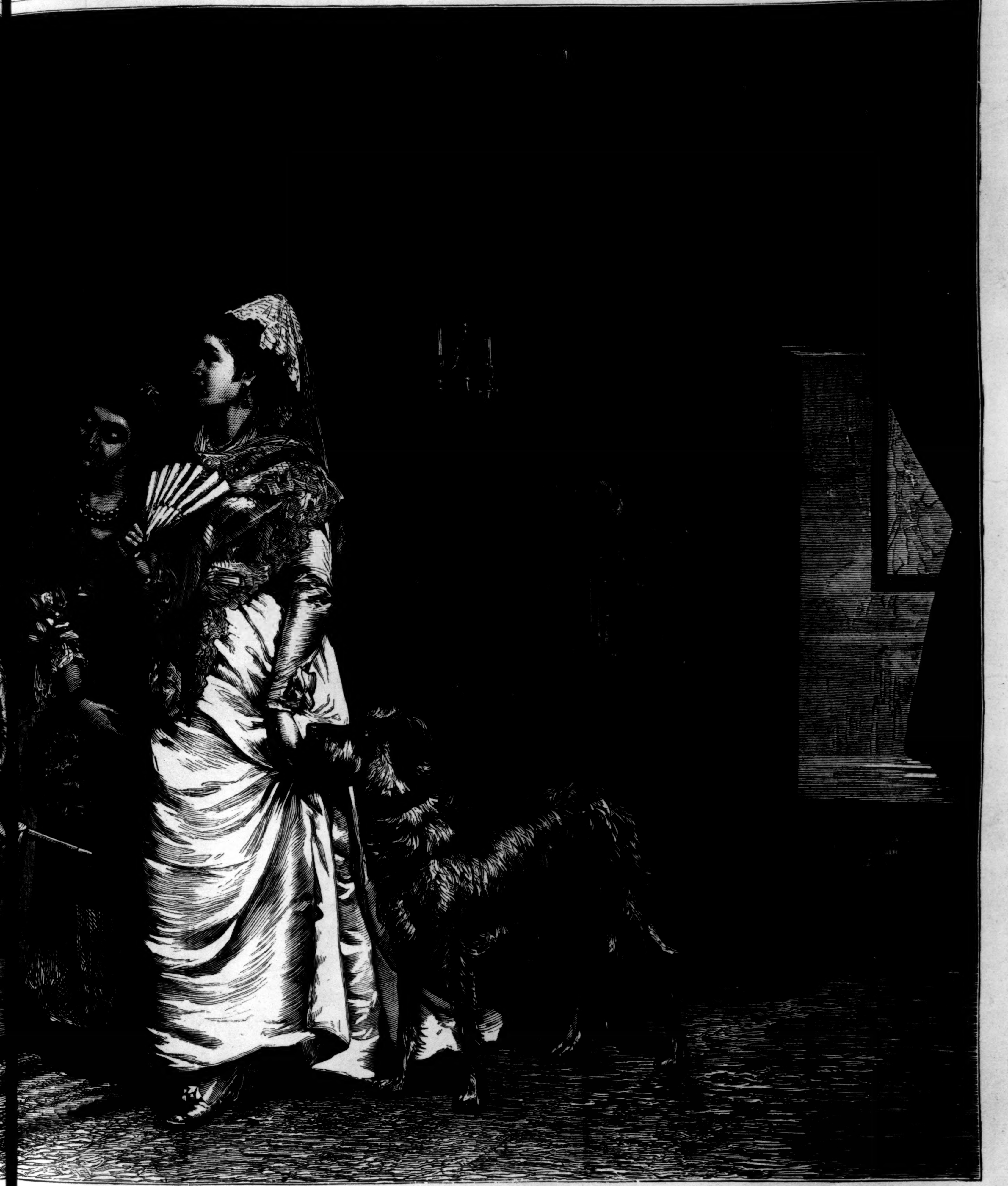
"THE ANCESTOR ON THE TAPESTRY."

A **glance** at the above spirited engraving will carry our readers away from the freshness and novelties of modern life to the interior of a grand old Spanish castle, where the tapestried walls and ancient costumes tell a story of the stately and magnificent past. An eager boy, probably the heir of some fair Castilian name, is listening with keen interest while his grandsire traces on the faded hangings a dim outline that represents the form of some remote ancestor. From what we can see of the fiercely reined steed, and the uplifted arm bearing the heavy sword, we can easily imagine the latter to have been among those Spanish knights whose deeds of prowess still fascinate the world in the history of the Crusades.

The art of working tapestry was, indeed, borrowed from the Saracens, with whose industries Europe became familiar through these very wars; yet, according to the slight information that has come down to us, it would seem that the manufacture of these wonderful fabrics was only revived by the followers of Mohammed, the original tapestries having been produced by an ancient people, of whom all record has been lost. Among the Saracens, in all probability, tapestry was only used as a drapery, or as curtains for the courts of their houses. Its use as a covering for the walls seems to have been an invention of the Flemings some time previous to the year 1606; for at that date we learn that Henry IV. of France introduced tapestries into his own palaces, and sent for Flemish artists to instruct his workmen how to weave them. At that period so generally was the origin of tapestries attributed to the Saracens that they were called *Sarrazinois*. The simpler term by which they were afterward known naturally grew out of the French word *tapis* or carpet.

At first the Saracenic tapestries were only ornamented with flowers and geometric figures, but the Flemings aimed higher, and sought to enrich them with historic subjects of the highest order. So important did this art become that the most eminent masters in painting from Raphael downward bestowed their greatest efforts upon cartoons to serve as copies for the tapestry workers. Several of these are still preserved in a gallery expressly built for them in the South Kensington Museum, London. They were removed thither from Hampton Court, where they had long been kept as specimens of the skill of the great Italian painter. Unhappily many of the cartoons of Raphael were severely injured by the attempt to reproduce them in tapestry; but, on the other hand, some that would have been otherwise entirely lost are still familiar to us through these worsted copies.

The early method of working tapestry was with the needle, the wool being worked into a coarse kind of canvas. The finer kinds were embroidered on a silken fabric. As early as the fourteenth century the art of weaving by the loom in the *haute lisse*, or high warp, style was practiced in the tapestries of Flanders. But these fabrics did not bec ular in Eu after the impulse g m by their tion into France, an then it r lapse of fifty years eir manufa established. At the f that time factory was opened Canaye br the premises formerl ied by Jean a dyer of wool. The gement sub fell into the hands of ander name and the work was c n with such that Colbert, the m of Louis X gested that it should en under th patronage. The est ent was ac purchased, and const royal man under the managem M. Lebrun, made first director. carpet man had been previously shed in 161



R—[FROM A PAINTING BY HARPRES WILLIAMS.]

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M. LEBRUN, who was
carpet manufactory
shed in 1615. This

was called La Savonnerie, from the previous use of the buildings for the manufacture of soap. The Savonnerie and the Gobelins were both carried on with great spirit by successive sovereigns, and were formed into one establishment in 1826, when the works of the Savonnerie were removed to the Gobelins, where these most interesting manufactures are now carried to the greatest perfection. There is also a minor establishment in the department of Oise, where the work is managed in a different style and manner.

At the Gobelins a series of threads are arranged vertically in a frame like the warp of a loom, and the workman stands between the frame and the pattern, the latter being placed behind him for reference. To produce the design he has a number of wooden needles threaded with wool and silk of the colors required, and these are passed through the upright warp threads and brought back, so that each thread becomes covered with the necessary color. Such is the extreme nicety with which this is done, and such the delicacy and multiplicity of the shades of color employed, that but little difference can be detected between the tapestry picture and the painting from which it is copied. At Beauvais the warp is placed horizontally, and the workman stands over it. This renders it necessary to cut off the threads on the upper surface, which is avoided in the other plan of working from behind. The Beauvais is, however, a style intermediate between tapestry and carpet work, and the roughness of the surface so produced has a good effect. Much fine tapestry was employed in former times in decorating the palaces and mansions of Great Britain, in many of which it is still seen in great beauty. The modern works of the Gobelins are distributed as presents by the government of France. They are not produced in great number, and, like other rarities, are extremely valuable. The number of artists employed in these factories is about one hundred and twenty.

One of the most remarkable tapestries in existence is that preserved in the Hôtel de Ville at Bayeux, France. The canvas or linen cloth upon which it is worked is two hundred and fourteen feet long by twenty inches wide. The embroidery, in woolen threads of various colors, represents the invasion and conquest of England by the Normans. Tradition asserts that this tapestry is the work of MATILDA, wife of WILLIAM the Conqueror, and it is believed that if she did not actually stitch the whole of it with her own hands, she at least took part in and directed the execution of it by her maids, and afterward presented it to the cathedral of Bayeux as a token of her appreciation of the effective assistance rendered by the bishop of that place to her husband at the battle of Hastings. Some antiquaries contend that it was the work, not of Queen MATILDA, the wife of the Conqueror, who died in 1083, but of the Empress MATILDA, wife of HENRY I., who died in 1167. According to Mr. BRUCE, the latest authority on the subject, the tapestry contains, besides the figures of 505 quadrupeds, birds, sphinxes, etc., the figures of 623 men, 202 horses, 55 dogs, 37 buildings, 41 ships and boats, and 49